No. 114 AUG. TEN CENTS

BATMAN

Detective COMICS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC

BATMAN and ROBIN VS. The JOKER IN "ACROSTIC of CRIME!"

JOKER

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BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
SHAW'S SHAMPOO
SHAKESPEARES HAMLET
HA HA
BOB KANE
HARRY L. HABE
JAPERY AND OUTRAGEOUS KNAVERY MAKE EXCITING READING IN THIS TALE OF FANTASTIC ADVENTURE IN GOTHAM CITY—AND IF YOU'LL READ THOSE BIG INITIAL LETTERS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, YOU'LL KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE! THAT, GENTLE READER, IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS AN ACROSTIC— BUT IT'S A PALLID IMITATION OF THE LURID LETTER-PUZZLE THE CHORTLING CLOWN PRINCE OF CRIMINALS SETS FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN AS INCREDIBLE CLUES JOLT FROM SURPRISE START TO FLASH FINISH OF AN AMAZING —
"ACROSTIC of CRIME!"


WHEN BIGGER EGOTISTS ARE BORN, THE JOKER WILL STILL BE AHEAD OF THEM!
NOW FOR A PLEASANT HOUR WITH MY FAVORITE LITERATURE AND ART!
THAT WAS HIS TURN TO LAUGH—BUT NOT FOR LONG! FOR, THE NEXT DAY...
FINAL DAILY EXPRESS
CRIME CLOWN CAUGHT BY BATTLING BATMAN
WHAT A SUPER-COLOSSAL JOKE THAT WAS! HA-HA-HA-HA! OH, WHAT FUN MY GENIUS BRINGS ME!
WORLD EXAMINER
JAUNTY JOKER ESCAPES JAIL DISGUISED AS BATMAN!
HE'S LOOSE AGAIN!
HE'S EMBARRASSED
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! HO-HO-HO-HO-HO-HO!
JOKER ROBS POLICE STATION!
Daily Star
JOKER JIMMIES INTO JAIL; FREES FLOCK OF FELONS!
Gotham Gazette
XMAS GIFT FOR COPS FROM JOKER-T GAS BOMB
THOSE WERE THE DAYS! BUT I'VE BEEN LAZY LATELY! NO HEADLINES FOR WEEKS! WHAT MUST MY PUBLIC THINK?
I'LL CHALLENGE BATMAN TO A GAME OF WITS FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF MY FANS! HA-HA-HA!

SO, NEXT DAY, THE NEWSPAPERS CARRY AN AMAZING AD!

CHALLENGE!

FROM JOVIAL OH, HOW SMART KEEN-WITTED EFFICIENT RESOURCEFUL

TO BRAINLESS ADDLEPATED TIMID MUDDLEHEADED AWFUL NO-ACCOUNT

(ALSO THE RATTLEBRAINED ROBIN) TO A "CRIME ACROSTIC" CONTEST! THE FIRST LETTER OF A TRIPLE-CLUE TO A CLEVER CRIME WILL BE DISPLAYED EVERY NIGHT AT 10 IN GOTHAM SQUARE! CAN THE DYNAMIC(?) DUO CATCH ME?

BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON SEE THE AD...

RATTLEBRAINED, HE SAYS! WHY, THAT SLAP-HAPPY, GIGGLING GOON!

EASY, DICK! THE JOKER WOULD LIKE TO SEE BATMAN AND ROBIN TOO MAD TO THINK, STRAIGHT!

DAILY TELEGRAM PRODUCE ENOUGH STEEL TO BUILD 900,000 CARS

SO, THAT NIGHT, IN GOTHAM SQUARE...

IT'S 10 O'CLOCK—BUT THERE ARE A MILLION LETTERS IN THESE SIGNS! WHICH ONE?

LOOK, BRUCE—AN AIRPLANE, SKYWRITING WITH LUMINOUS SMOKE!

J—AS IN JOKER! THAT'S HIM!

NO—HE PROBABLY HIRED A PLANE AND PILOT! BUT IT'S OUR CLUE, ALL RIGHT! I'M SURE THE KEY WORD IS JOKER!

ST. WEEK Regret Love SMASH HIT

THEN WE NEED THREE WORDS STARTING WITH J TO TELL US WHAT HE'LL ROB AND WHERE... HOW'S THIS—JOKER, JAIL AND JUSTICE?

GOOD GUESSING, ROBIN!

HALL OF JUSTICE

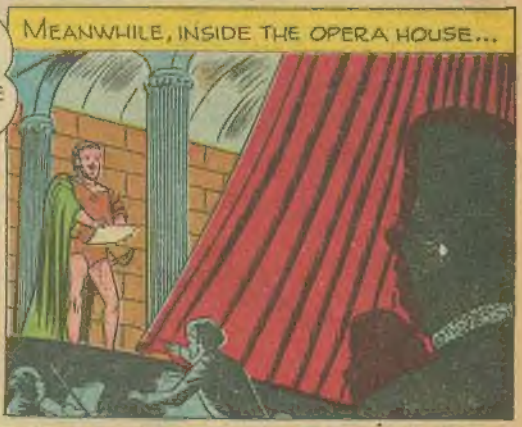
ROBBING GOTHAM CITY'S JUSTICE BUILDING—WHERE JUDGES SEND CRIMINALS TO JAIL IS A TYPICAL JOKER GESTURE!


MEANWHILE, IN THE COURT OF JUSTICE ...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU, CARELESS ONE, BUT I EXPECT YOU'RE COMPLIMENTING ME ON MY CLEVERNESS! HA, HA, HA, HA!
MMMFFF! MMMFFF!
THIS EVIDENCE COULD CONVICT MANY CROOKS AWAITING TRIAL! I'LL STARTLE THE CITY WITH MY AUDACITY AND COLLECT A FORTUNE FOR ITS RETURN!
SUDDENLY...
BATMAN AND ROBIN! HOW NICE OF YOU TO POP IN!
IT TOOK A RATTLEBRAIN TO FIGURE YOUR CRACKPOT IDEA, JOKER!
J IS FOR JOKER—ALSO FOR JAVELIN, HA, HA, HA!
BUT THE JAVELIN IS POINTLESS IF WE BY-PASS IT!
THEN THE JAVELIN SHATTERS—AND FINE WIRES FITTED WITH BARBED HOOKS FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS!
MY DEAR BATMAN—IT HAS DOZENS OF POINTS!
OUCH! FISHHOOKS!
HE'LL GET AWAY BEFORE WE CAN UNHOOK OURSELVES!
SORRY TO LEAVE YOU IN SUCH A PAINFUL PREDICAMENT! HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!


SO, THE FIRST ROUND IS THE JOKER'S! BUT, THE NEXT...
IT'S 10 P.M.- TIME FOR THE CLUE TO HIS SECOND CRIME!
HMM... IF THE ACROSTIC IS TO SPELL OUT THE JOKER'S NAME-AS I SUSPECT- THE NEXT LETTER WILL BE O!
DON'T PASS UP JONES' KATS
HOPE - "ROAD TO BOMBAY" HEN GRAY & ORCHESTRA CONTINUOUS
DAILY EXPRESS
JOKER'S JAVELIN FOILS BATMAN IN ACROSTIC CRIME


THEN- ALL BUT ONE CLUSTER OF LIGHTS IN A BIG SIGN GO DEAD! AND...
O- AS IN JOKER! YOU'RE RIGHT, BRUCE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN! BUT WHERE? WHERE WOULD HE FIND THE RICHEST LOOT TONIGHT?


THE ORPHEUM OPERA! OPENING NIGHT- SELL-OUT AND HEAVILY JEWELED PATRONS!
THAT'S IT! HE'LL ROB THE OPERA! AND THE CLUE WORDS- OPERA- OPENING- OPALS!
ORPHEUM
OTHELLO


MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE...

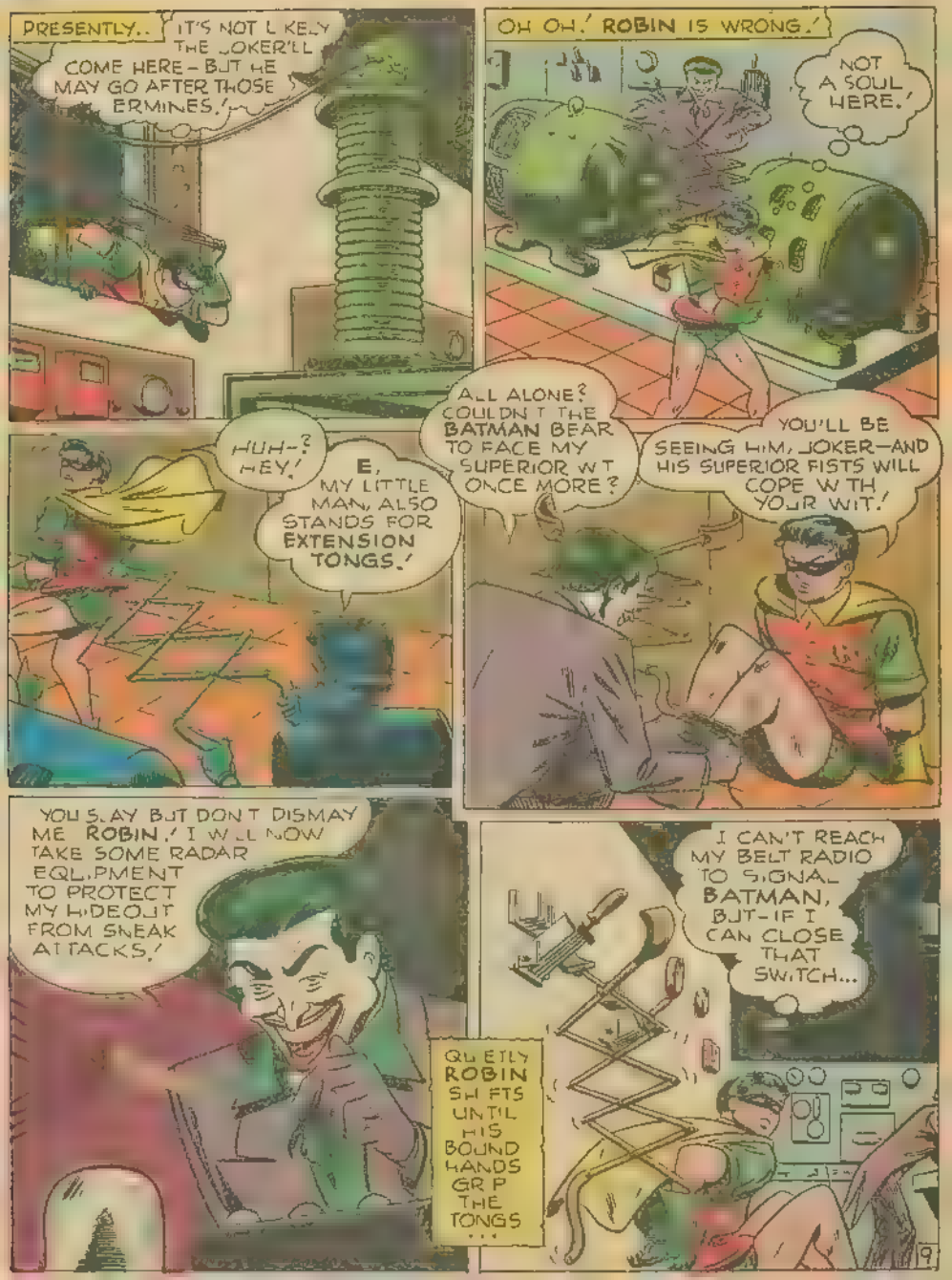

A QUICK CHANGE, AND THE DYNAMIC DUO VISITS THE OPERA...
THAT LAUGH! THE JOKER'S BACKSTAGE!
HEAVENS! GROTTI'S VOICE IS CHANGING!
HA HA HA


BUT WAIT! LOOK IN THE BOXES WHERE THE RICH PATRONS SIT.
BATMAN AND ROBIN! WHAT-?
SOME STUNT, BROADCASTING MY VOICE BACKSTAGE WHILE I OPERATE UP HERE! HA, HA, HA!


HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
MY PEARLS! EEE-EEE-EEE!
WHAT-?
OH-HO-HO-HO-HO-HO! I'M IN GOOD VOICE TONIGHT, EH, BATMAN?
NOT GOOD—BUT LOUD!
THIS TIME, O IS FOR OFF YOU GO TO THE BIG HOUSE!
CORRECTION, SASSY WHELP! O IS FOR OIL! HAVE SOME!
OH-H! HOW AWFUL!
ADIEU, MY DUMB FRIENDS! SEE YOU IN TOMORROW'S HEADLINES!
OOPS! THAT OIL IS SLIPPERY!
YES, DEARER TO THE MIRTHFUL MOUNTEBANK THAN RICHES OR POWER ARE HIS PRESS NOTICES!
"OPERA FANS STAMPEDE AS JOKER ENDS LOOTING SPREE BY OILING SKIDS FOR BATMAN!" A HEADLINE MASTERPIECE! I ONLY HOPE BATMAN AND ROBIN AREN'T TOO ASHAMED TO ANSWER MY NEXT CHALLENGE!
HA, HA, HA, HA!
TIMES DISPATCH
OIL SPEEDS JOKER ON HIS MERRY WAY WITH OPERA SWAG!
COURIER STAR
MELODRAMA AT OPERA HOUSE AS JOKER OUTWITS BATMAN!
DAILY
BATMAN OF JOKER CALLS KEY AS CLUE FOR OPERA
Post Journal
KER FOILS BATMAN
T OPERA "OTHELO"
6

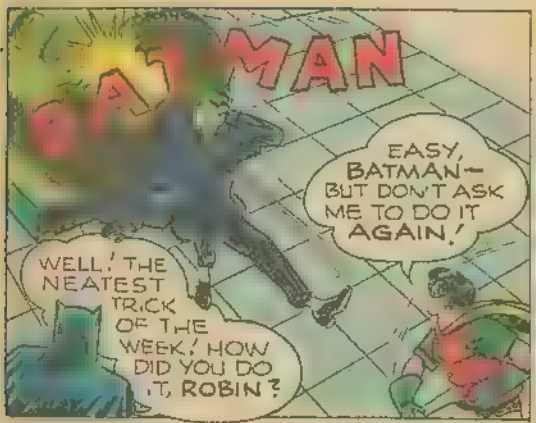

NIGHT... AND THE ACE CRIME-CRUSHERS GRIMLY WATCH FOR THEIR THIRD CUE!
LET'S KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! THE WHOLE TOWN'S LAUGHING AT US!
LOOK! THE R IN PRIDE ON THAT SIGN HAS BEEN ALTERED TO MAKE A K— THE THIRD LETTER IN THE JOKER'S NAME!
EATONS TAKE PRIDE IN SERVING YOU
I HOPE IT MEANS: KNUCKLES SOUND KNELL OF KNAVE!
LET'S SEE... KIMONA— KLIEG— KING—
I KNOW! THE KHAN RUBY, FROM THE CROWN OF THE KING OF MORAVIA, IS AT KNIGHT JEWELERS!
THAT'S JUST A COUPLE OF ROOFS AWAY! COME ON!
IN THE JEWELRY SHOP...
WHEW! IF THEY DON'T SHOW UP AFTER I'VE GONE TO ALL THIS TROUBLE, I'LL BE QUITE PUT OUT!
I'VE CUT THE BURGLAR ALARM WIRES, BUT I'LL NEED TIME TO OPEN THIS SAFE! I HOPE—
BUT THE DYNAMIC DUO IS MORE PROMPT THAN THE JOKER EXPECTED...
K IS FOR THE KEY THEY'LL THROW AWAY AFTER THEY LOCK YOU UP THIS TIME, JOKER!
I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU SO SOON! BUT I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU JUST THE SAME!

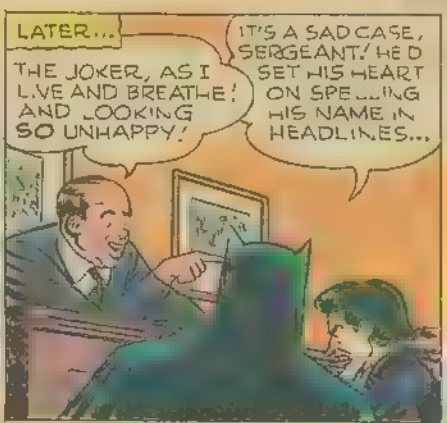

HUH-? A KANGAROO!
A FIGHTING KANGAROO, PURLOINED FROM A CIRCUS, BATMAN-AND THAT ISN'T ALL K STANDS FOR!
AS THE ANGRY ANIMAL LEAPS TO ATTACK BATMAN AND ROBIN, BLINDING BARS OF VIVID COLORS FLASH ACROSS THEIR VISION!
A KALEIDOSCOPE TO MAKE THIS THE MOST COLORFUL BOXING MATCH IN HISTORY!
OOOFF!
I CAN'T SEE! OW!
BUT IN TIME THE CAPED FIGHTERS BAG THE WEIRD BOXER-BUT NOT THE ELUSIVE JOKER!
QUICK-GET THE BAG OVER HIM AND TIE IT UP!
ROGER!
NEXT DAY, THE MANHUNTERS PLOT A NEW STRATEGY!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE JOKER THIS TIME! THE NEXT LETTER WILL BE E!
YOU CAN'T BE SURE! THE JOKER DIDN'T SAY HIS NAME WAS THE KEY WORD!
BUT E IS OUR BEST BET! SO WE'LL SEARCH THE CITY DIRECTORY FOR PLACES TO WHICH IT CAN BE APPLIED THREE TIMES!
HERE-ONLY TWO FIRMS WITH THREE Es IN THE NAME-YOU TAKE ONE AND I'LL VISIT THE OTHER!
SO, AT 10 P.M.
LOOK-THOSE LIGHTED WINDOWS FORM AN E!
GET GOING! YOU CHECK ON THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING ENTERPRISES, AND I'LL VISIT THE EXCELLA ERMINE EXHIBITION JUST ACROSS THE STREET!

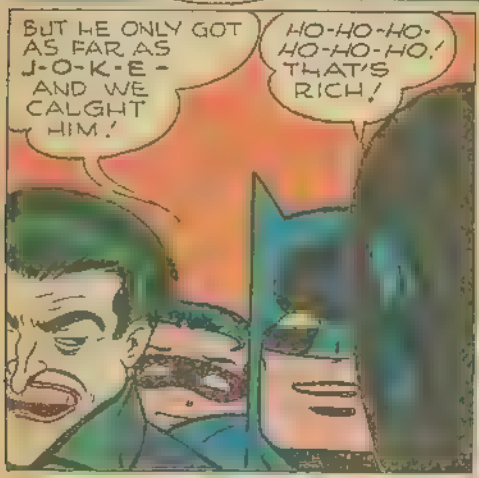

PRESENTLY..
IT'S NOT LIKELY THE JOKER'LL COME HERE – BUT HE MAY GO AFTER THOSE ERMINES.'
OH OH.' ROBIN IS WRONG.'
NOT A SOUL HERE.'
HUH-? HEY.'
E, MY LITTLE MAN, ALSO STANDS FOR EXTENSION TONGS.'
ALL ALONE? COULDN'T THE BATMAN BEAR TO FACE MY SUPERIOR WIT ONCE MORE?
YOU'LL BE SEEING HIM, JOKER—AND HIS SUPERIOR FISTS WILL COPE WITH YOUR WIT.'
YOU SAY BUT DON'T DISMAY ME ROBIN.' I WILL NOW TAKE SOME RADAR EQUIPMENT TO PROTECT MY HIDEOUT FROM SNEAK ATTACKS.'
I CAN'T REACH MY BELT RADIO TO SIGNAL BATMAN, BUT-IF I CAN CLOSE THAT SWITCH...
QUIETLY ROBIN SHIFTS UNTIL HIS BOUND HANDS GRIP THE TONGS...
9

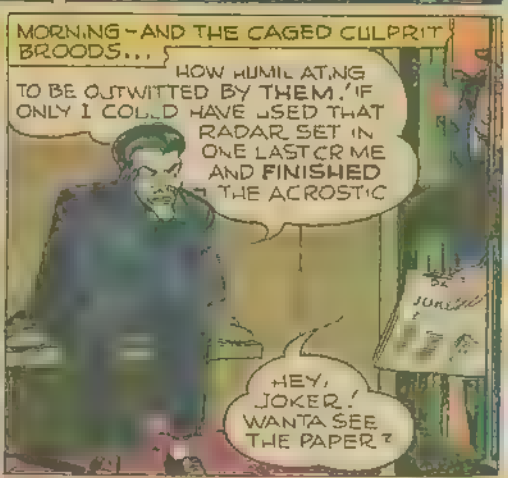

HE MAKES IT! SLOWLY THE TONGS CLOSE THE SWITCH...
WONDER WHAT HAPPENS IF I TOUCH THIS?
DID IT! NOW IF THE RESULT WILL BRING A WATCHMAN...
THE JOKER TOUCHES THE STRANGE GADGET AND...
HA-HA-HA-HA! JOKER, YOU'RE A CARD!
YOU LITTLE BRAT—YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME! AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU! I'LL CONNECT THE WIRES YOU'RE TIED WITH TO LIVE ONES...
YOU WON'T—IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!
MEANWHILE, BATMAN WAITS AMONG RARE ERMINES...
ALL'S QUIET HERE! IF ROBIN RAN INTO TROUBLE, HE WAS TO USE HIS BELT RADIO TO SIGNAL! BUT MAYBE HE CAN'T...
SUDDENLY, A FLASH OF BRILLIANT LIGHT IN THE ELECTRICAL LAB ACROSS THE STREET..
ELECTRIC SPARKS—ON A BIG SCALE! ROBIN MAY BE IN TROUBLE...
E FOR ELECTROCUTION! HA-HA-HA!
YOU GRINNING FIEND—YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

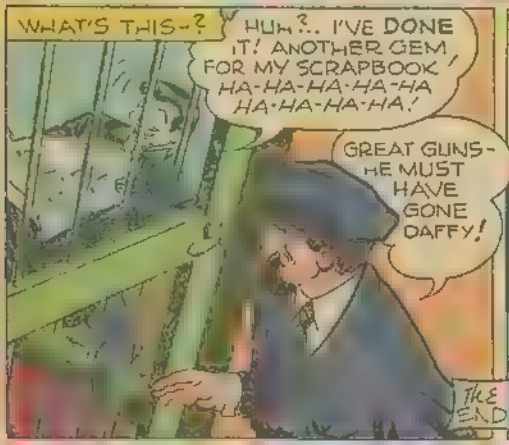

SECONDS LATER...
HA HA! SO FAR OUR CRIME ACROSTIC HAS SPELLED OUT J-O-K-E - AND NOW - EH?... BATMAN!
DON'T SAY IT, RAT! SPELL IT!
B IS FOR BATTERY- AND A IS FOR ANTENNA-
ALSO FOR APPLAUSE- FROM ME!
WHIPPING THE AERIAL WIRE AROUND HIS FOE AND YANKING HIM ACROSS A METAL TABLE, BATMAN SWITCHES ON AN OVERHEAD ELECTROMAGNET, AND-
T IS FOR TABLE - AND M IS FOR MAGNET -
HELP! LET ME DOWN!
A IS FOR THE ARMATURE OF THAT DYNAMO-
I'LL CUT MYSELF LOOSE WITH THESE PLIERS!
N IS FOR NUMB- WHICH IS HOW YOU OUGHT TO FEEL NOW!
AT LAST! NOW I CAN HELP BATMAN- IF HE NEEDS HELP!
WHAT'S THIS A WHOLE ALPHABET OF LETTER STENCILS! THIS JOKE'S ON THE JOKER!
PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER, THEY SPELL-

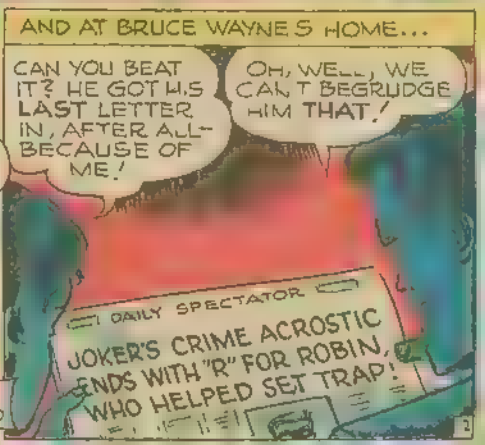

BATMAN
EASY, BATMAN— BUT DON'T ASK ME TO DO IT AGAIN!
WELL! THE NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK! HOW DID YOU DO IT, ROBIN?


LATER...
THE JOKER, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE! AND LOOKING SO UNHAPPY!
IT'S A SAD CASE, SERGEANT! HE'D SET HIS HEART ON SPELLING HIS NAME IN HEADLINES...

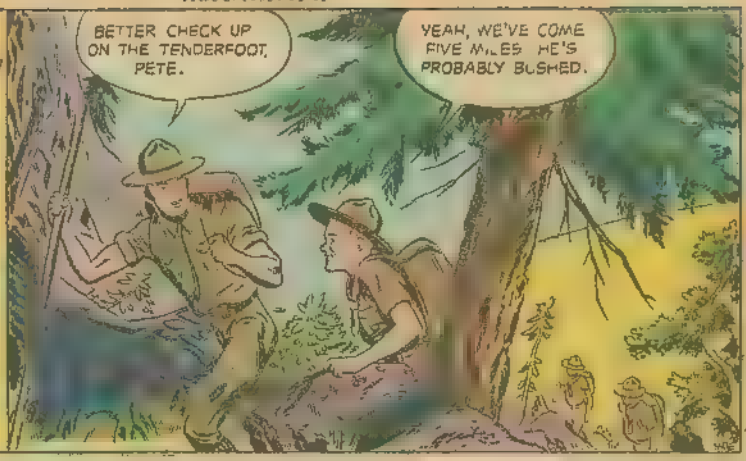

BUT HE ONLY GOT AS FAR AS J-O-K-E- AND WE CALGHT HIM!
HO-HO-HO-HO-HO-HO! THAT'S RICH!

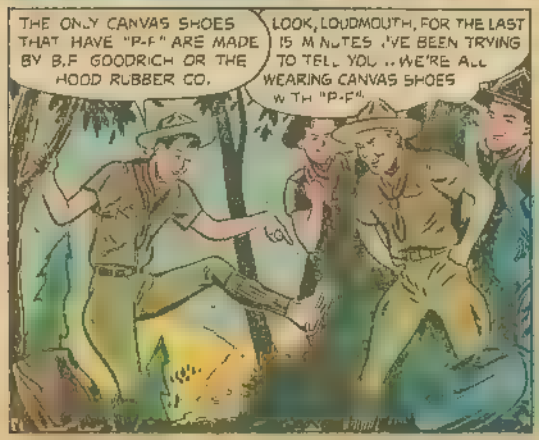

MORNING - AND THE CAGED CULPRIT BROODS...
HOW HUMILIATING TO BE OUTWITTED BY THEM! IF ONLY I COULD HAVE USED THAT RADAR SET IN ONE LAST CRIME AND FINISHED THE ACROSTIC
HEY, JOKER! WANTA SEE THE PAPER?


WHAT'S THIS-?
HUH?.. I'VE DONE IT! ANOTHER GEM FOR MY SCRAPBOOK, HA-HA-HA-HA-HA HA-HA-HA-HA!
GREAT GUNS- HE MUST HAVE GONE DAFFY!
THE END


AND AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME...
CAN YOU BEAT IT? HE GOT HIS LAST LETTER IN, AFTER ALL- BECAUSE OF ME!
OH, WELL, WE CAN'T BEGRUDGE HIM THAT!
DAILY SPECTATOR
JOKER'S CRIME ACROSTIC ENDS WITH "R" FOR ROBIN, WHO HELPED SET TRAP!

TENDER-FOOT HIS FEET WEREN'T SO TENDER





HOW "P-F" STEPS UP STAYING POWER

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION— A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

B. F. Goodrich or HOOD RUBBER CO.

Stan HACK

HEAVY-HITTING, FANCY-FIELDING THIRD BASEMAN OF THE CHAMPION CHICAGO CUBS

HACK IS A THREE-WAY CHAMPION -- **CHAMPION HITTER, CHAMPION FIELDER,** AND **CHAMPION BASE RUNNER.** HE LED THE LEAGUE IN STOLEN BASES ONE SEASON, TIED FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP ANOTHER SEASON

"THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO LEAD OFF THE DAY IS WITH A BIG BREAKFAST," SAYS FAMOUS LEAD-OFF MAN HACK, "STARTING WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.' WHEATIES ARE NOURISHING AND SWELL EATING. I LIKE FLAVOR IN MY BREAKFAST. THAT'S WHY **I HAVE WHEATIES AT HOME AND ON THE ROAD.**"

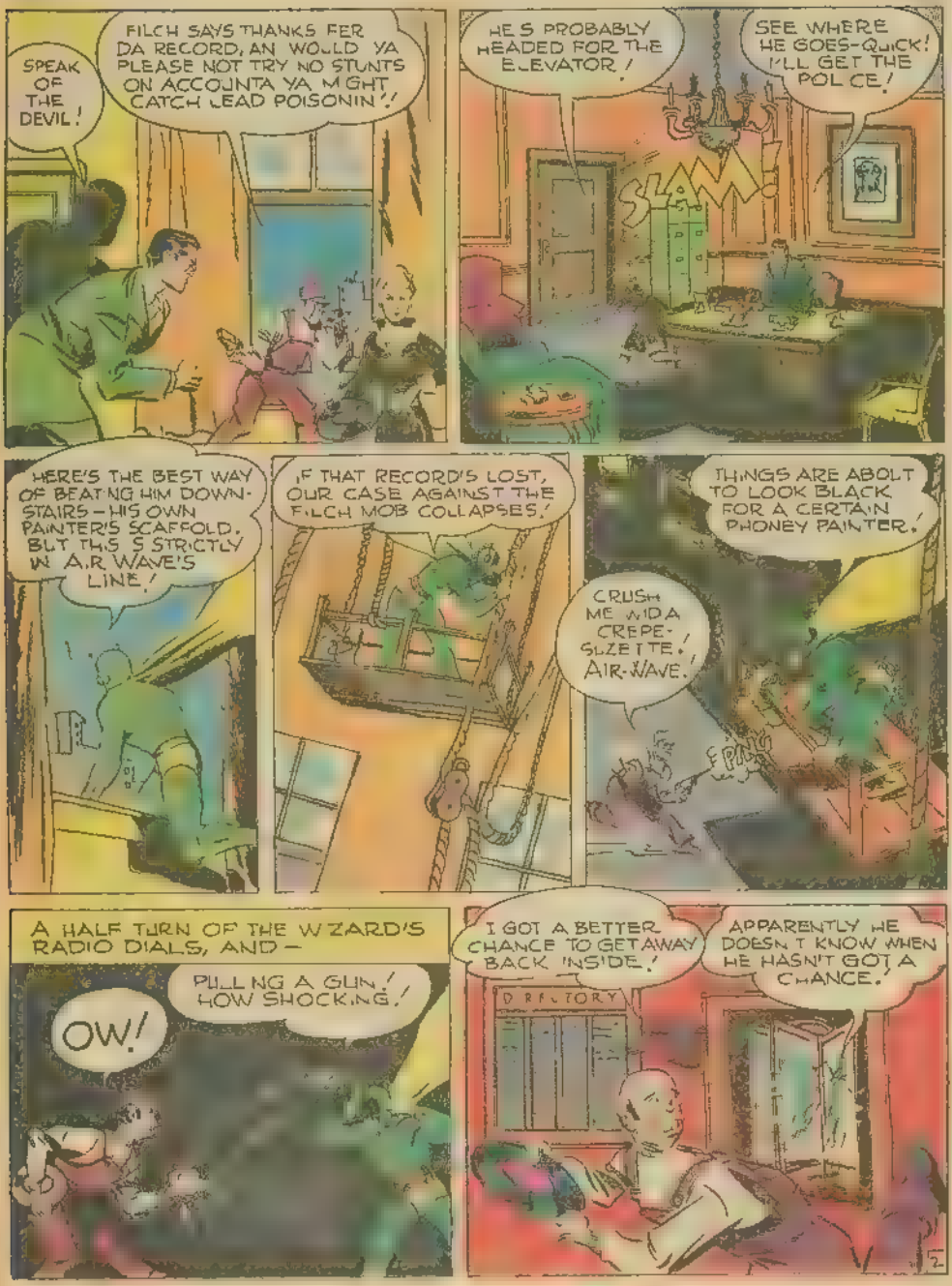
A 14-CARAT CHAMPION, HACK PLAYS HIS BEST WHEN IT COUNTS THE MOST. HIS BATTING AVERAGE IN **4 WORLD'S SERIES:** .355 HIS SLUGGING AVERAGE IN **4 ALL-STAR GAMES:** .400

LOOK FOR ME ON PAGE 19

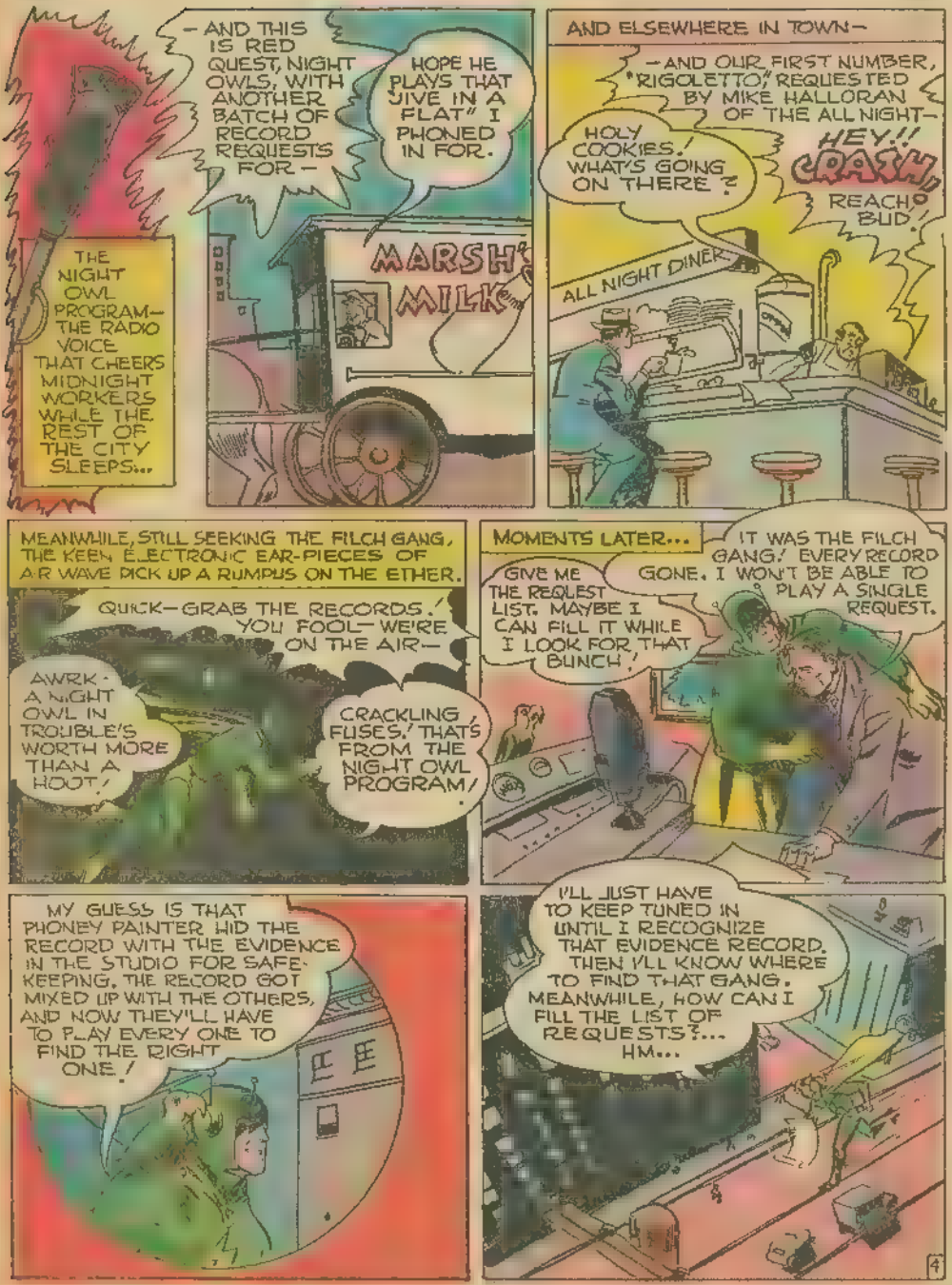
STAN HACK IS ANOTHER OF 24 BIG-LEAGUE STARS FEATURED IN WHEATIES **NEW BASEBALL BOOK.** WATCH YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?" (THE OFFENSIVE GAME) BY ETHAN ALLEN. **BE SURE** TO GET YOUR COPY!

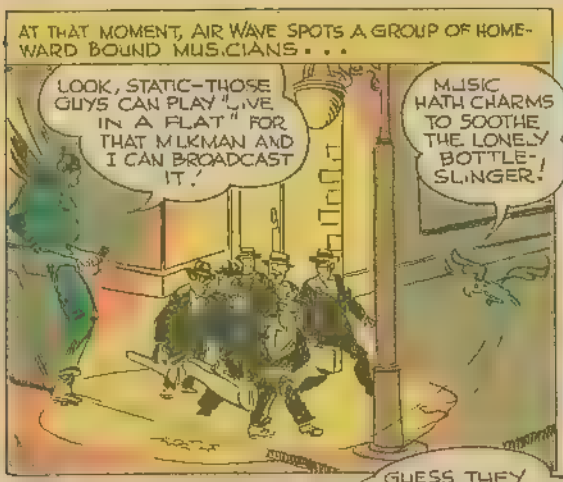
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

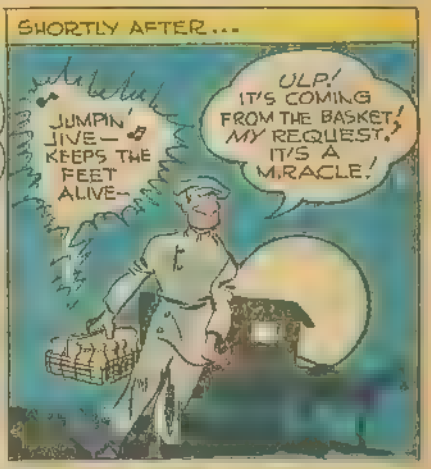

AIR WAVE
WHEN DARKNESS SHROUDS A GREAT CITY AND MILLIONS OF APARTMENT DWELLERS SEEK SLEEP, ANOTHER WORLD AWAKENS, ROLLS UP ITS SLEEVES AND TAKES ON THE LONELY TASKS ALLOTTED TO IT. TO THESE NIGHT WORKERS, MUSIC IS THE TIE THAT BINDS. BUT WHEN CRIME CUTS IN ON THEIR CHERISHED BROADCAST, IT'S ONLY AIR WAVE, THAT GALLANT WIZARD OF THE ETHER WHO CAN VANQUISH EVIL AND CARRY ON IN A MANNER MOST ASTOUNDING —
"The Night Owls' Musicale!"
IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN...
HOT MUSIC! ONE OF YOUR HOBBIES, MR. JORDAN?
HOT MUSIC, ALL RIGHT. BUT THE LABEL'S CAMOUFLAGE. THAT RECORD CONTAINS EVIDENCE THAT'LL SEND THE ENTIRE FILCH GANG TO THE HOT SEAT.
FILCH'S BOYS WOULD DO ANYTHING TO GET THIS RECORD. BETTER LOCK IT IN THE SAFE, MISS WYNNE.


SPEAK OF THE DEVIL!
FILCH SAYS THANKS FER DA RECORD, AN WOULD YA PLEASE NOT TRY NO STUNTS ON ACCOUNTA YA MIGHT CATCH LEAD POISONIN'!
HE'S PROBABLY HEADED FOR THE ELEVATOR!
SEE WHERE HE GOES-QUICK! I'LL GET THE POLICE!
SLAM
HERE'S THE BEST WAY OF BEATING HIM DOWN-STAIRS—HIS OWN PAINTER'S SCAFFOLD. BUT THIS IS STRICTLY W.A.R. WAVE'S LINE!
IF THAT RECORD'S LOST, OUR CASE AGAINST THE FILCH MOB COLLAPSES!
THINGS ARE ABOUT TO LOOK BLACK FOR A CERTAIN PHONEY PAINTER!
CRUSH ME WIDA CREPE-SUZETTE! AIR-WAVE!
FPNG
A HALF TURN OF THE WIZARD'S RADIO DIALS, AND—
PULLING A GUN! HOW SHOCKING!
OW!
I GOT A BETTER CHANCE TO GETAWAY BACK INSIDE!
APPARENTLY HE DOESN'T KNOW WHEN HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE.
DIRECTORY
2

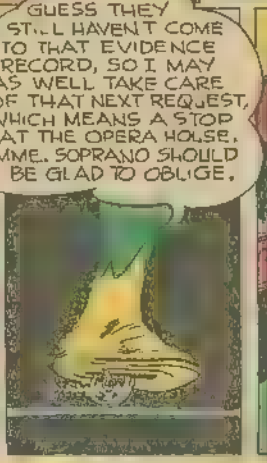

CAN'T KEEP A.R-WAVE OFF FER LONG. I GOTTA SAVE DIS RECORD SO THE BOSS CAN KNOW WHO SQUEALED ON US. WAIT.' DIS STUDIO.'
I'LL STICK IT AMONG DESE RECORDS FER DA TIME BEING. DEN, WHEN DA MOUTHPIECE COMES TO SEE ME IN DA JUG, I'LL BE ABLE TO PASS DA WOID TO DA GANG WHERE TO FIND IT.'
SECONDS LATER, AIR WAVE SPOTS THE FLEEING THUG...
THERE HE GOES - UFF.'
DA FATES IS HAND'N' OUT PERTECTION.' HERE I GO!
I'M SORRY, AIR WAVE - IT WAS SUCH A DIRTY MOP.'
YOUR DIRTY MOP, I'M AFRAID, HAS JUST SAVED A DIRTY MOB FROM PRISON.'
LATER-AT THE HIDEOUT OF THE FILCH GANG...
THE RECORD! DID YOU GET IT?
YEAH, AN' NO.' DID I HAVE A TIME.' A.R WAVE HIT ME WITH A CARLOAD O' BATTERY JUICE, SO I PLANTED DA RECORD IN DA NIGHT OWL BROADCAST N' STUDIO.'
GENTS - THE NIGHT OWL PROGRAM GOES ON IN TWENTY MINUTES. IF RED QUEST, THE ANNOUNCER, SHOULD PLAY THAT RECORD FOR THE WHOLE TOWN TO HEAR, WE'LL ALL FRY.' LET'S GO AFTER IT NOW.'
5


THE NIGHT OWL PROGRAM— THE RADIO VOICE THAT CHEERS MIDNIGHT WORKERS WHILE THE REST OF THE CITY SLEEPS...
—AND THIS IS RED QUEST, NIGHT OWLS, WITH ANOTHER BATCH OF RECORD REQUESTS FOR—
HOPE HE PLAYS THAT JIVE IN A FLAT" I PHONED IN FOR.
MARSH'S MILK
AND ELSEWHERE IN TOWN—
—AND OUR FIRST NUMBER, "RIGOLETTO," REQUESTED BY MIKE HALLORAN OF THE ALL NIGHT—
HOLY COOKIES! WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?
HEY!! CRASH!
REACH, BUD!
ALL NIGHT DINER
MEANWHILE, STILL SEEKING THE FILCH GANG, THE KEEN ELECTRONIC EAR-PIECES OF A-R WAVE PICK UP A RUMPUS ON THE ETHER.
QUICK—GRAB THE RECORDS! YOU FOOL—WE'RE ON THE AIR—
AWRK- A NIGHT OWL IN TROUBLE'S WORTH MORE THAN A HOOT!
CRACKLING FUSES! THAT'S FROM THE NIGHT OWL PROGRAM!
MOMENTS LATER...
IT WAS THE FILCH GANG! EVERY RECORD GONE. I WON'T BE ABLE TO PLAY A SINGLE REQUEST.
GIVE ME THE REQUEST LIST. MAYBE I CAN FILL IT WHILE I LOOK FOR THAT BUNCH!
MY GUESS IS THAT PHONEY PAINTER HID THE RECORD WITH THE EVIDENCE IN THE STUDIO FOR SAFE-KEEPING. THE RECORD GOT MIXED UP WITH THE OTHERS, AND NOW THEY'LL HAVE TO PLAY EVERY ONE TO FIND THE RIGHT ONE!
I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP TUNED IN UNTIL I RECOGNIZE THAT EVIDENCE RECORD. THEN I'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND THAT GANG. MEANWHILE, HOW CAN I FILL THE LIST OF REQUESTS?... HM...
4

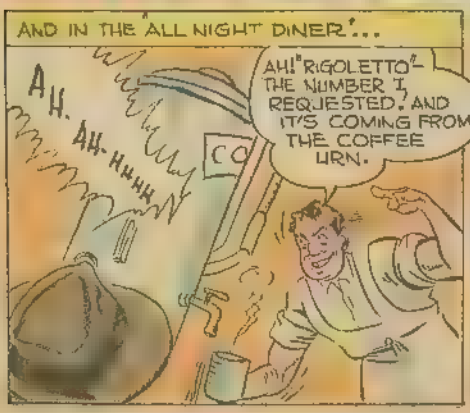

AT THAT MOMENT, AIR WAVE SPOTS A GROUP OF HOMEWARD BOUND MUSICIANS . . .
LOOK, STATIC—THOSE GUYS CAN PLAY "LIVE IN A FLAT" FOR THAT MILKMAN AND I CAN BROADCAST IT!
MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE LONELY BOTTLE-SLINGER!


SHORTLY AFTER . . .
JUMPIN' JIVE— KEEPS THE FEET ALIVE—
ULP! IT'S COMING FROM THE BASKET! MY REQUEST. IT'S A MIRACLE!


THANKS, FELLOWS. YOU'VE DONE A LONELY NIGHT-WORKER A GOOD TURN.


GUESS THEY STILL HAVEN'T COME TO THAT EVIDENCE RECORD, SO I MAY AS WELL TAKE CARE OF THAT NEXT REQUEST, WHICH MEANS A STOP AT THE OPERA HOUSE. MME. SOPRANO SHOULD BE GLAD TO OBLIGE.


PRESENTLY, INSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE, SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT . . .


AND IN THE ALL NIGHT DINER . . .
AH. AH-HHHH
AH! "RIGOLETTO"—THE NUMBER I REQUESTED! AND IT'S COMING FROM THE COFFEE URN.


MEANWHILE, LET'S SEE WHAT'S COOKING WITH THE FILCH MOB . . .
THIS HAS TO HAPPEN TO ME WHAT HATES MUSIC WORSE IN JAIL! THAT AIN'T IT! TAKE IT OFF.
HERE'S ONE WE AIN'T TRIED YET, BOSS!


-AND THE MURDER OCCURRED WHEN FILCH AND HIS MOB-
THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE RECORD!
SUDDENLY...
YOUR TIME'S UP, FILCH!
THE JOINT IS SURROUNDED!
HUH! IT'S AIR WAVE! GOTTA GRAB THIS AND SCRAM BEFORE HE GETS HERE!
CRASH
YOUR RECORDS RUN OUT, FILCH, BUT YOU WON'T!
YOU'LL NEVER GET THIS RECORD IN ONE PIECE!
AWRK!
NICE WORK, STATIC! NOW FLY HOME WITH THE RECORD!
OW!
HELP! I GIVE UP!
WELL WHYNCHA CALL THE COPS AND GET IT OVER WITH?
I WILL, BUT FIRST, YOU BOYS ARE GOING TO HELP ME FILL ONE LAST REQUEST. IT CALLS FOR A BARBERSHOP QUARTET DOING THE PRISONER'S SONG!
IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL
HM - NOT BAD FOR A BUNCH OF AMATEURS. I GUESS THEIR HEARTS ARE REALLY IN IT!
END
6

"U.S." ROYAL WITH HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE

TRAPPING THE HIJACKERS!

DEPUTY "U.S." ROYAL, SPONSOR OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB, GETS AN EMERGENCY CALL...

C'MON, FELLOWS! WE'RE OFF TO TRAP SOME HIJACKERS!

HERE'S A CHANCE TO USE YOUR *JET-PROPELLED BIKE!*

THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE HIGHWAY...

THERE ARE THE HIJACKERS ... WAITING IN AMBUSH!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! YOU FELLOWS GET SOME ROPE WHILE I TRIM A SAPLING!

O.K.! NOW WE TIE IT ACROSS THE HANDLEBARS!

AND THEN...

CRASH!

LATER...

YOU BOYS HAVE DONE A GREAT JOB. WE'VE BEEN AFTER THESE CROOKS FOR MONTHS!

FELLOWS, *HERE'S A TIP!* "U.S." BIKE TIRES, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, WON'T FAIL YOU IN THE TIGHT SPOTS! THEY'RE FAVORITES IN OUR BIKE CLUB!

NEXT ISSUE -- "U.S." SAVES THE WARDEN'S DAUGHTER!


SLAM BRADLEY
DID YOU EVER FLY A KITE IN THE SPRING? YES KITES MEAN SCHOOL DAYS ARE NEARLY OVER! BUT WHEN GROWN MEN START PLLL-ING KITES THROUGH THE BUSINESS D STR CT SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, THE LONG AND SHORT OF SUPER SLEUTHING DEC DE THAT IT S A PRETTY RELIABLE SGN OF...
"Something in the Air!"
A COUPLE OF ODD CUSTOMERS FOR A TOY STORE...
GIMME A DOZEN O DESE KITES!
I DONT GET IT BRANS, KITES-DAT'S A KID'S GAME.
JUST GRAB AN ARMFUL- 'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

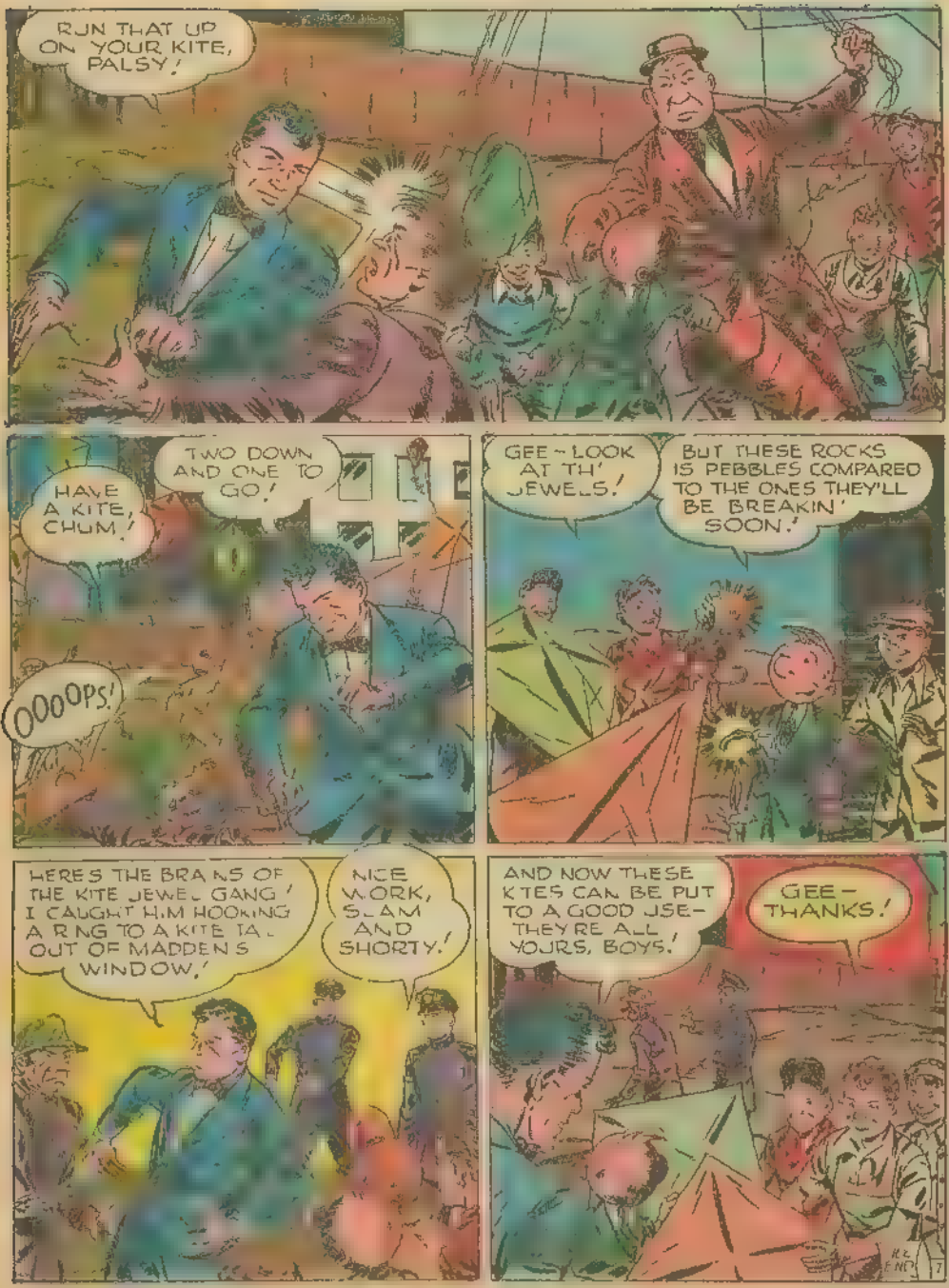

AFTER BRAINS REVEALS HIS PLAN...
THIS DEAL PUT US IN TH CLOUDS, FINANCIALLY.
YEAH, IT'S SURE GOT A SILVER LININ', BOSS
I'M BUILDIN KITE-CASTLES ALREADY.
HERE WE ARE. NOW, GO FLY YOUR KITES, KIDDIES WHILE PAPA LOOKS AT SOME JEWELRY.
COME, JUNIOR— I CAN'T WAIT TO GET ME LITTLE KITE UP.
JEWELRY THIRD FLOOR
IN A VACANT LOT NEARBY...
WHAT AN IDEA, PUTTIN HOOKS ON DA KITE TAILS.
DEY DON'T CALL THE BOSS "BRAINS" FOR NUTTN
HERE WE GO 'ROUND DA MULBERRY BUSH.
OOPS ME FEET KEEP TANGLIN' UP.
FLYIN' KITES IS FUN.
YEAH BUT I WISH BRAINS WOULD HURRY — ME FEET HURT.
MEANWHILE, IN THE JEWELRY DEPARTMENT...
THE CLERK IS BUSY - SO I'LL JUST SERVE MYSELF.
12

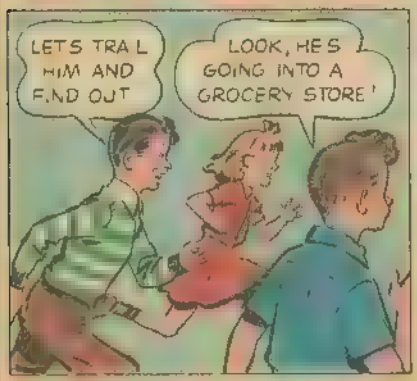

ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE THE BEST YOU HAVE?
MADAM, THIS $10,000 ROPE OF PEARLS IS THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY!
THEN...
NOBODY'S WATCHING .. SO, I HOOK THE DIAMOND PENDANT TO THE KITE TAIL, AND...
STOP THAT MAN — HE'S A THIEF!
YOU'RE CRAZY!
SHORTLY, IN THE STORE MANAGER'S OFFICE...
NOTHING ON HIM!
BUT I SAW HIM PICK UP THE PENDANT!
PLEASE PARDON THE CLERK'S BLUNDER, SIR — IT WAS A STUPID MISTAKE!
MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN! AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
WHILE, ACROSS THE STREET...
WELL, WHAT GOES UP, HAS TA COME DOWN!
WASN'T IT CUTE THE WAY BRAINS HOOKED DA KITE TAIL WITH HIS UMBRELLA HANDLE?

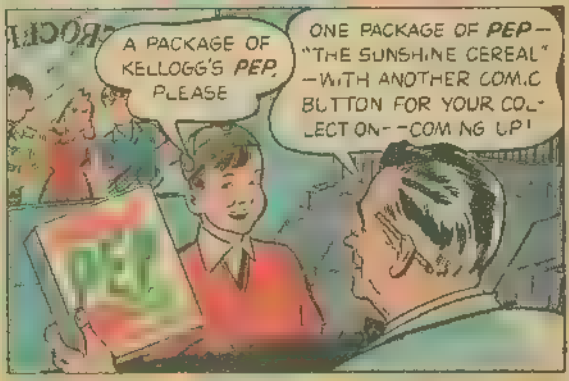

MINUTES LATER...
WELL, FLY MY KITE—PENDANTS FROM HEAVEN!
THE SKY'S FULL OF 'EM—LET'S GET GOIN'!
NEXT DAY... AND ANOTHER JEWELRY DEPARTMENT...
YOU STOLE A NECKLACE!
PROVE IT!
WHILE OUTSIDE...
GUESS I'LL PULL IN ME LITTLE KITE AND TODDLE HOME!
YEAH! MAMA WANTS US, JUNIOR!
AND IN ANOTHER MANAGER'S OFFICE...
OUR APOLOGIES, SIR! I HOPE YOU WON'T—
FORGET IT! ANYBODY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE!
MEANWHILE, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, THOSE JOVIAL CROOK-CHASERS, GO FOR A STROLL...
THOSE BOYS CLUBS SURE GO FOR YOUR CRIME DOESN'T-PAY TALKS, MAN MOUNTAIN!
HEY, RUNT, LOOK AT THOSE TWO MEN FLYING KITES!
LOOK—ONE OF THEM'S HAVING TROUBLE!
NOW ISN'T THAT SILLY—GROWN MEN FLYIN' KITES?
4


GET IT M'DGET— BEFORE IT GETS AWAY!
I'M OFF LIKE A SPRITE TO CATCH A KITE!
OOOOOF!!
HMM... THERE'S MORE THAN KITES IN THE AIR HERE!
LOOK... A NECKLACE!
YEAH WISE GUYS—D.S FER INSTANCE!
THEY KNOW TOO MUCH! TE EM UP! WE'LL PULL THE MADDEN JOB AND BLOW TOWN!
WHEN THE FOG CLEARS...
ARGGGHH!
GLUG!
GARRUK-ULLUG!
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BILLBOARD...
HEY, SPUD — DO YOU HEAR A NOISE BEHIND DA BILLBOARD?
YEAH — LET'S TAKE A LOOK!


LOOK... FANCY KITES.!
SLAM.! SHORTY.!
YOU WORKIN' ON A CASE, SLAM?
THANKS, SPUD AND JOEY.! YES, AND YOU BOYS CAN HELP US.! TAKE THIS MONEY AND BUY KITES.! THEN GET YOUR BUDDIES AND GO FLY 'EM IN FRONT OF MADDEN'S.!
MADDEN'S
BEST IN JEWELRY
WE HEARD THE WIND WAS BETTER HERE!
HEY, WHAT'S DA IDEA?
SO YA WON'T SCRAM, EH? THEN TAKE DIS—
AN' DIS...
FINALLY...
SORRY FELLAS.! BUT WE'LL FIX THESE BULLIES.!
WHY DON'T YOU MUGS PICK ON GUYS YOUR OWN SIZE?


RUN THAT UP ON YOUR KITE, PALSY!
HAVE A KITE, CHUM.'
TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO.'
OOOOPS!
GEE - LOOK AT TH' JEWELS.'
BUT THESE ROCKS IS PEBBLES COMPARED TO THE ONES THEY'LL BE BREAKIN' SOON.'
HERE'S THE BRAINS OF THE KITE JEWEL GANG! I CAUGHT HIM HOOKING A RING TO A KITE TAIL OUT OF MADDEN'S WINDOW.'
NICE WORK, SLAM AND SHORTY.'
AND NOW THESE KITES CAN BE PUT TO A GOOD USE- THEY'RE ALL YOURS, BOYS.'
GEE - THANKS.'
THE END





GET YOUR PRIZE BUTTONS WITH

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE

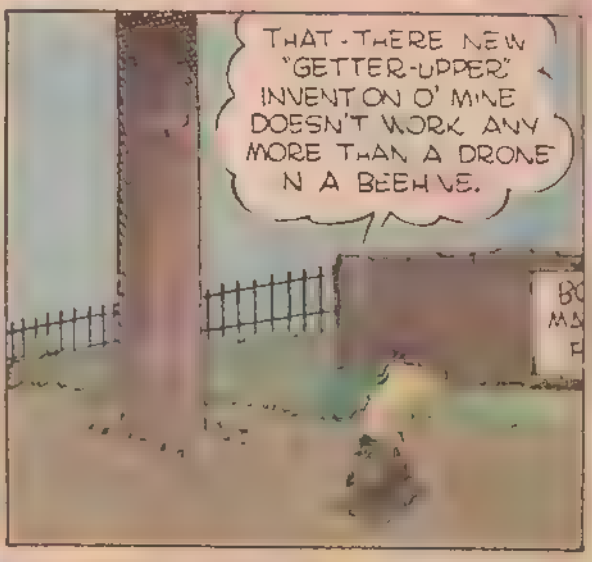
OLIVE OYL	POPEYE	EMMY
DAGWOOD	UNCLE WILLIE	MAGGIE
SUPERMAN	ANDY GUMP	HANS
BLONDIE	JUNIOR TRACY	FRITZ
RIP WINKLE	JIGGS	LITTLE KING
DON W NSLOW	LORD PLUSHBOTTOM	POP JENKS

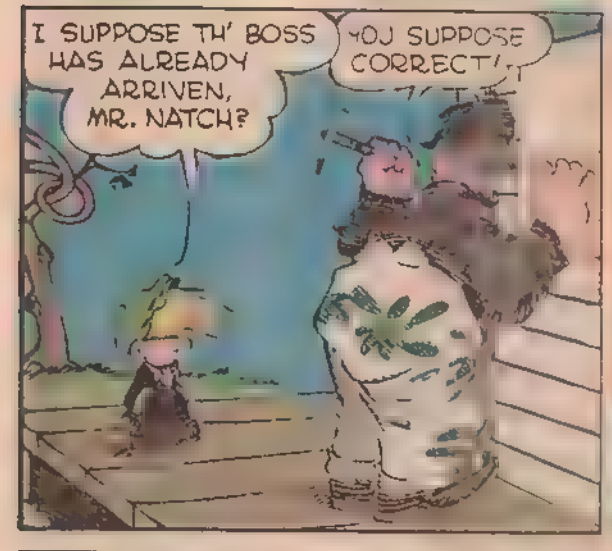
You get one of these 18 brightly colored metal Buttons ready to pin on in every package of swell tasting Kellogg's PEP. Collect em, swap em, wear em. Some fun. Get mom to get you Kellogg's PEP today!

LISTEN TO SUPERMAN

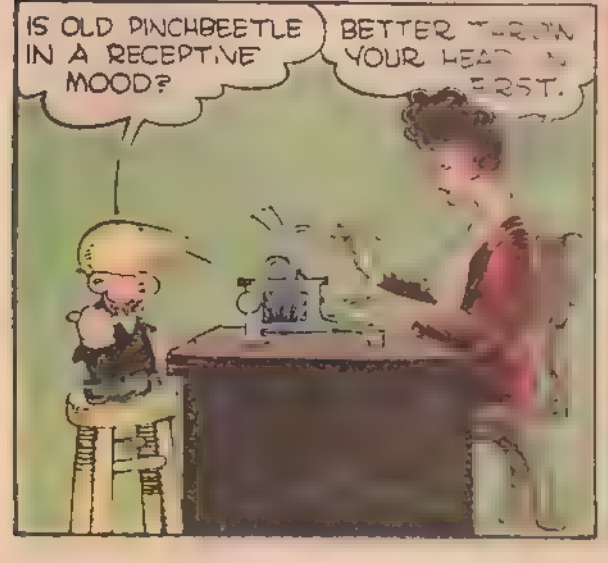
Tune in daily Monday through Friday, for the thrilling adventures of Superman. Your local paper tells time and station

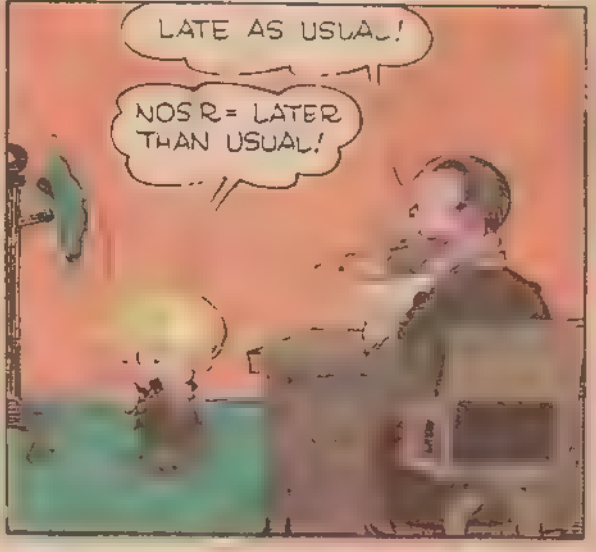

SHORTY
WHY HURRY? I'M LATER THAN A RUSTY WATCH ANYWAY.

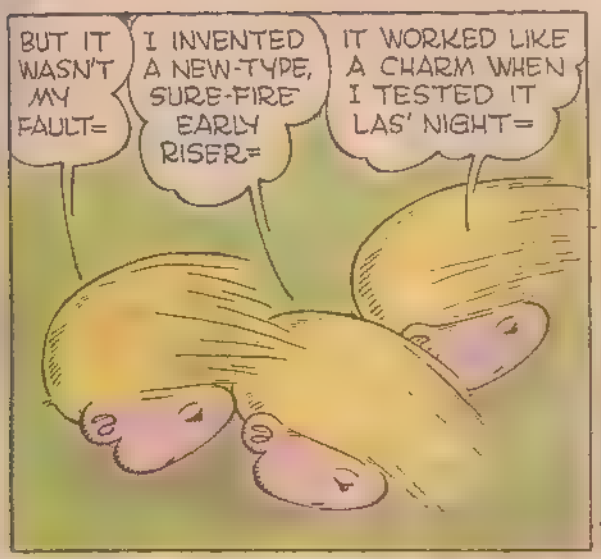

THAT-THERE NEW "GETTER-UPPER" INVENTION O' MINE DOESN'T WORK ANY MORE THAN A DRONE IN A BEEHIVE.

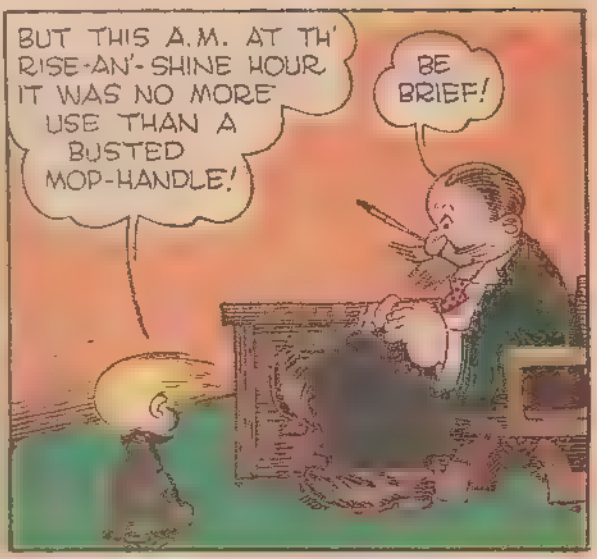

I SUPPOSE TH' BOSS HAS ALREADY ARRIVEN, MR. NATCH?
YOU SUPPOSE CORRECT!

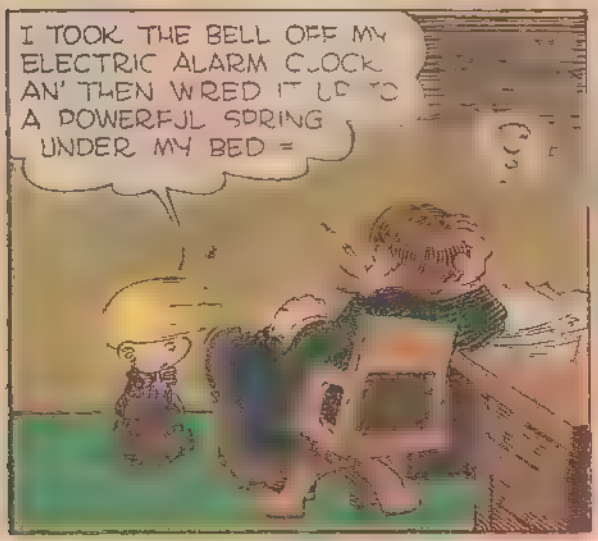

MORNIN' GLORIA!
GOOD AFTERNOON!


IS OLD PINCHBEETLE IN A RECEPTIVE MOOD?

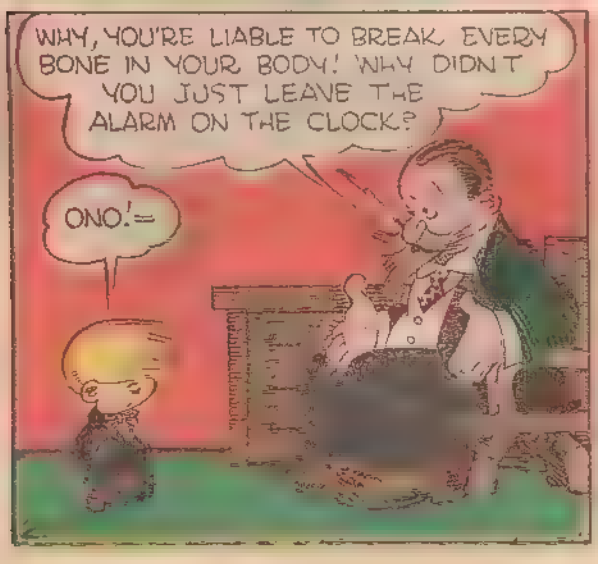

LATE AS USUAL!
NOSER = LATER THAN USUAL!

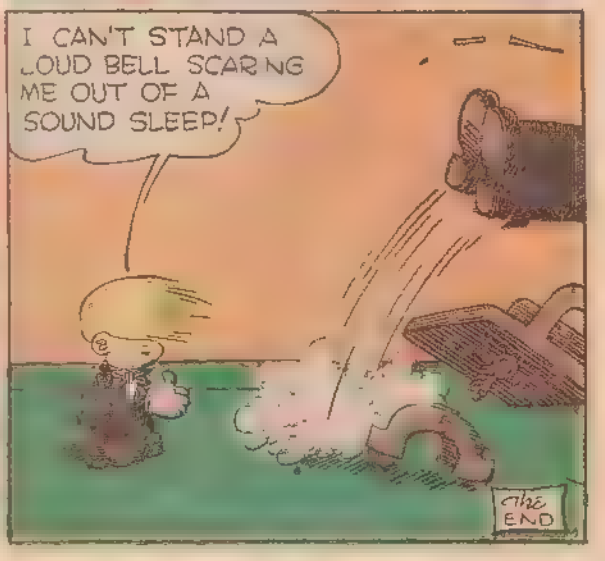

BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT=
I INVENTED A NEW-TYPE, SURE-FIRE EARLY RISER=
IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM WHEN I TESTED IT LAS' NIGHT=

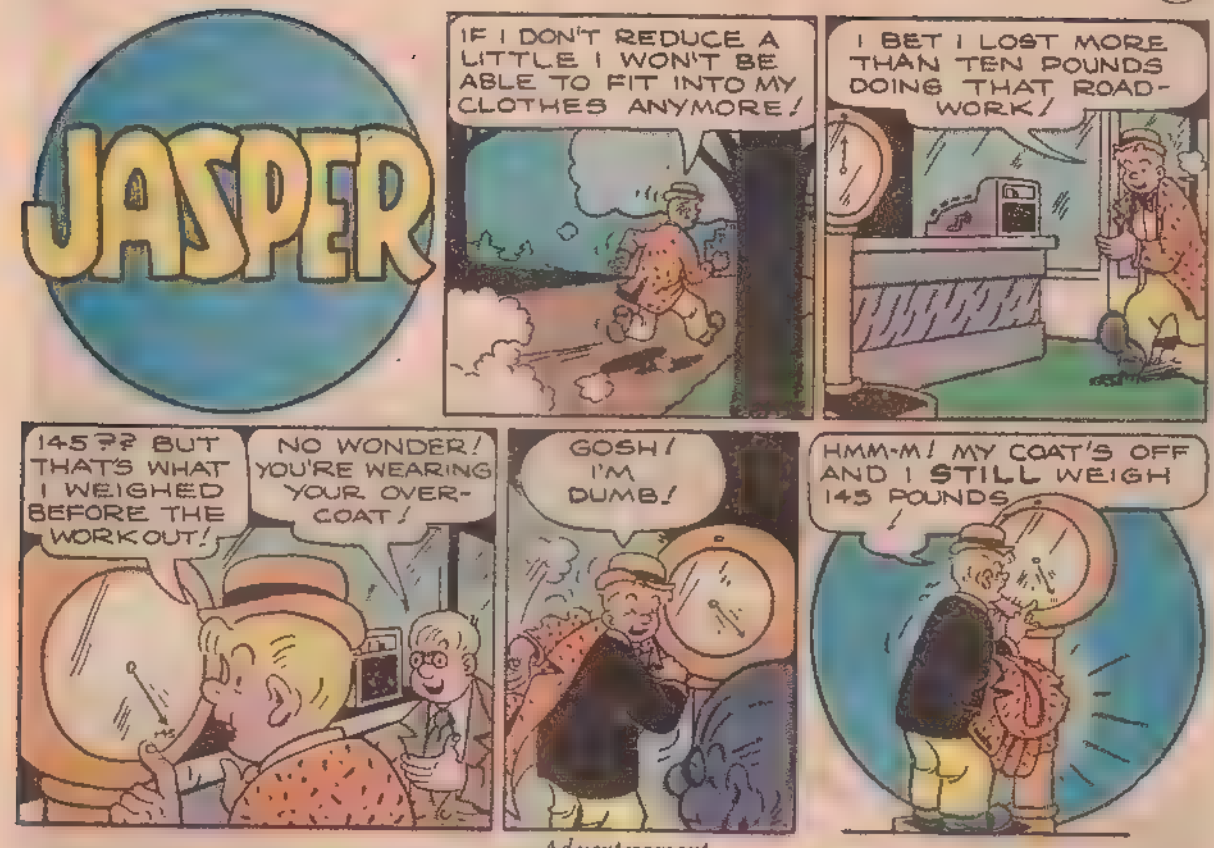

BUT THIS A.M. AT TH' RISE-AN'-SHINE HOUR IT WAS NO MORE USE THAN A BUSTED MOP-HANDLE!
BE BRIEF!


I TOOK THE BELL OFF MY ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK AN' THEN WRED IT UP TO A POWERFUL SPRING UNDER MY BED =


WHEN THE CLOCK GOES OFF IN THE MORNING IT RELEASES TH' SPRING
TOSSES MY BED
AN DUMPS
FLOOR!
?


WHY, YOU'RE LIABLE TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY! WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST LEAVE THE ALARM ON THE CLOCK?
ONO!=


I CAN'T STAND A LOUD BELL SCARING ME OUT OF A SOUND SLEEP!
THE END



THE LETHAL LIGHT

by V. V. Dredaine

MAX KANE was generally acknowledged to be a pretty good detective. There weren't many cases he was assigned to when he was on the police force, that stayed on the books too long. When they did stay for awhile, they were apt to be honeys. One of the toughest of these was the case that got to be known as "Holley's Idea".

Frederick Holley was a scientist, an experimental chemist who was suspected of having murdered his ex-colleague, Travis Ames. Holley and Ames had been associates for more than five years after they both resigned from the faculty of State University, to go into business for themselves. They opened a research laboratory in industrial chemistry, and from the very start Ames and Holley, Inc., was a great success.

Perhaps their success was too great. As the years went by and their laboratory grew, their friendship deteriorated. The more money they made, the poorer was their behavior toward each other. Sometimes they weren't on speaking terms for weeks on end, and there was talk that once or twice they had come to blows. There were other things too—so much so, that when Travis Ames was found dead, there was widespread and immediate suspicion of Holley—even before anyone had any reason to assume Ames had been murdered. Even Max Kane, who felt from the start that suicide seemed the only answer, suspected Holley before he got very far into the case.

He arrived on the scene of the crime an hour after the body was discovered. The medical examiner had made a preliminary report and Kane had been sent in by downtown headquarters. The report said that Travis Ames died of asphyxiation some ten or eleven hours before he was found, and that carbon monoxide, the deadly exhaust gas, was responsible.

Max Kane surveyed the body. Ames, a man in his middle thirties, had been rather handsome and well-built. His corpse half-sat, half-lay on a tall, backed chair that stood beside a long work table piled with the odd-looking paraphernalia common to chemical laboratories. As far as was known, he had returned to the laboratory the night before, after dinner. He had told his housekeeper—he was a bachelor—that he intended to work late that night, and when he remained away all night, it hadn't alarmed her because he often worked that way when he was baffled by a problem. Returning to the office at seven-thirty, he was dead by nine, and there he lay, slumped over his retorts and test-tubes, until he was found forty-eight hours later.

Kane marched around the laboratory, poking his nose into one thing and another for awhile. Then he had a talk with Frederick Holley. After Holley he spoke to every employee of the firm, from associate chemists through the business department to the office boys and secretaries. Then he went to Travis Ames' home and talked to his housekeeper, his chauffeur, and after that he interviewed some of Ames' cousins and an uncle that was all the family he'd had.

It was late afternoon by then, and the medical examiner had a full report ready. There was nothing new. It was death by carbon monoxide, presumably suicide. But by then, Kane had decided it was murder—and that Holley probably was the murderer.

He told Holley so when he saw him at five o'clock.

"I think it's murder, Mr. Holley," said Max Kane.

Holley stared at him. "Murder?" he said quietly. "Why?"

"It's the facts," said Kane. "It doesn't look like an accident and there don't appear to be any reasons—at least, none of the obvious ones—for Ames to have killed himself. He was young, healthy, rich, in good spirits, and so on. See what I mean? Why suicide?"

"Why murder?" said Holley. "Who'd want to kill Ames?"

"You, for one," said Kane. "Am I wrong?"

"Not entirely. I've been angry enough at Ames sometimes to want to choke him, but—" He waved his hands emptily and broke off. His thin face was gray now. "Why should I want to—" he broke off, shrugged.

"I wish I knew," said Kane. "We'll see."

So Max Kane went about seeing whatever was to be seen, then tried to find things that perhaps weren't intended to be seen. In his usual patient way, he began rechecking everything.

The night watchman, stationed downstairs, said that Ames had returned to the laboratory alone and had no visitors. No one could have gotten in or out without being seen by him.

The last one out, before Ames returned at 7:30, had been Holley, who left for the day at 6.00 P. M. Not even the slimmest man could have slid through the laboratory's long slender windows. The carbon monoxide that had killed Ames had presumably come from a large tank he was using in his work. But its safety gadgets were all in excellent order, and the tank, though rather empty, hadn't been touched until the police specialists arrived.

As Kane had told Holley, the possibilities of accidental death seemed well ruled out, but the same reasoning also excluded murder. How was it done? Kane kept asking himself. He had stubbornly refused to accept suicide as the answer, but he had no proof of murder. If it was murder, how was it done?

But during all this, Kane kept seeing people, talking to everyone who had known Travis Ames and might have had a reason for wanting him dead. He spoke to potential heirs, competitors, customers, old enemies and forgotten friends. Finally, when the case had been open almost a month, Max Kane returned to the laboratory with the announced intention of staying there until he had either solved it or accepted the consensus of opinion of suicide for causes unknown.

Two days later, Kane sent for police department research chemists and began checking Ames' last experiments. A week after that, he arrested Holley for Ames' murder and filed his report.

This is part of it:

". . . From the start, it looked as if Holley was the killer because he had so many different motives. These were not only personal, but included business quarrels. I learned from a study of the firm's books and legal papers that Ames had applied for patents in his own name —and not, as was usual, in the firm's name— for the work he was doing at the time of his death.

"Checking his last experiments, I found he was engaged in trying to find a chemical substance that could be sprayed in air to absorb carbon monoxide gas that might be in the atmosphere. He was doing this work for several industrial customers who had long been interested in it.

"By staying away from the vicinity of the Ames-Holley laboratory, and by giving the impression that I had no further interest in them *per se*, I hoped to encourage any hidden work into coming out into the open again. I was successful in this. When I returned, after a month, I was able to lay my hands on several volumes of research data that had been kept safely out of sight during earlier searches.

"I thereupon sent for police experts to duplicate these experiments.

"They proved that Ames had been able to change the gaseous form of carbon monoxide to crystal particles called carbonyls of carbon monoxide. These carbonyls were soluble in almost any kind of liquid.

"By further experiments, we found that once the carbonyls had been dissolved in liquid, the resulting compound could be painted on, but not sprayed, because the compound tended to dry quickly. We found also that, once dried, application of heat to the dried surface resulted in a release of the original gas.

"At this point, we tested the light bulbs for fingerprints, found them covered with Holley's fingerprints, and ordered his arrest for murder.

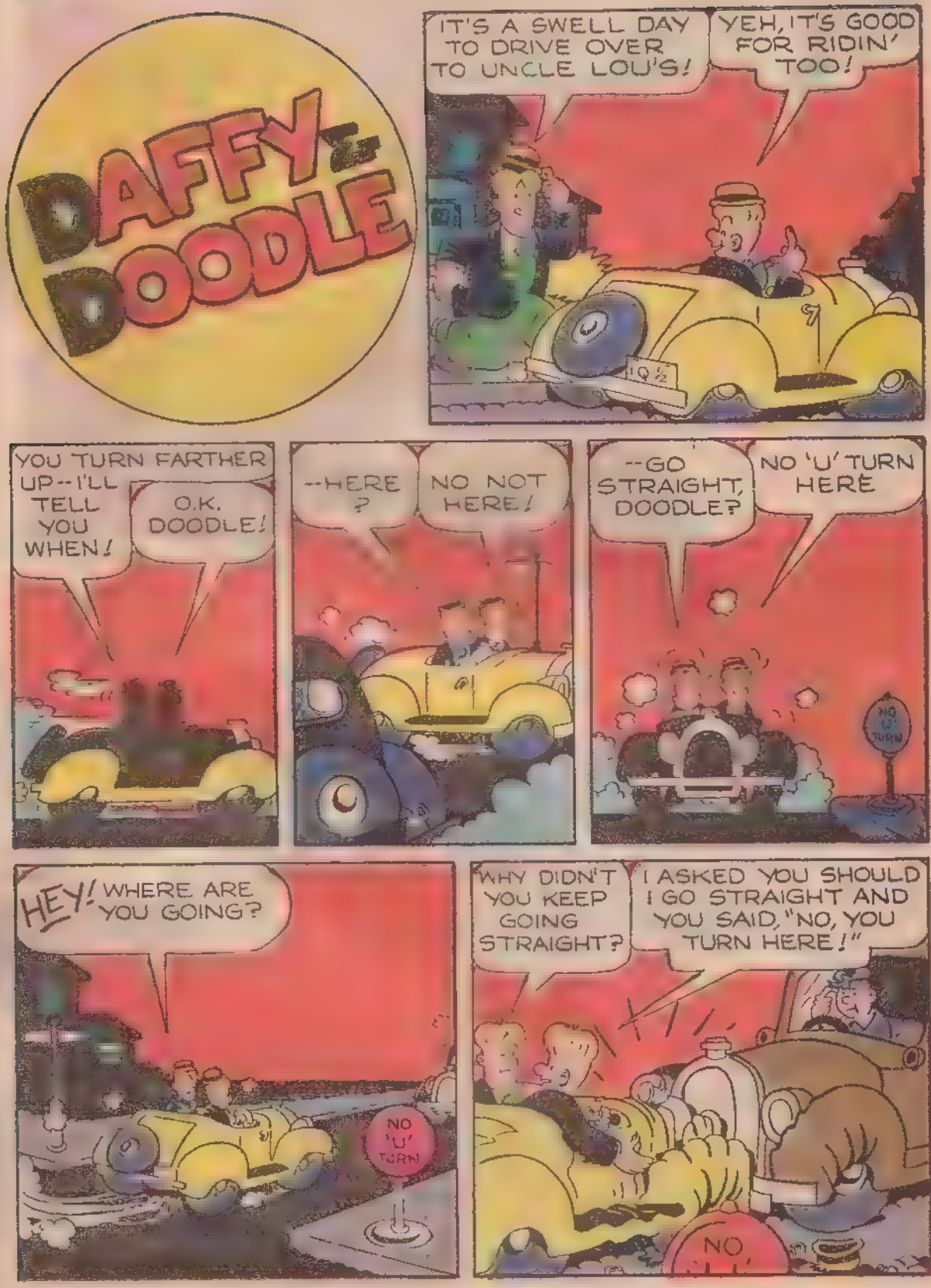
"His method was as follows: It was obvious he knew what Ames had been working on, or Ames wouldn't have felt it necessary to apply for separate patents in his own name. The disappearance and subsequent emergence of the research data, under Holley's direction, also proved this. Ames got the gas, transformed it to crystal, then compounded a paint of it. He then applied this paint to several dozen high-arc bulbs, of the kind commonly used in the laboratory, and hid them with the dried compound on them. Then, on the night he knew Ames was returning alone to work, Holley was the last to leave. Before he left, he substituted his prepared bulbs for those in the sockets. Later, when Ames returned, it was dark and he switched on the lights. As the bulbs grew hotter the compound on the bulbs reverted to gas. It was a slow, unsuspected process and it worked. Ames became unconscious and died.

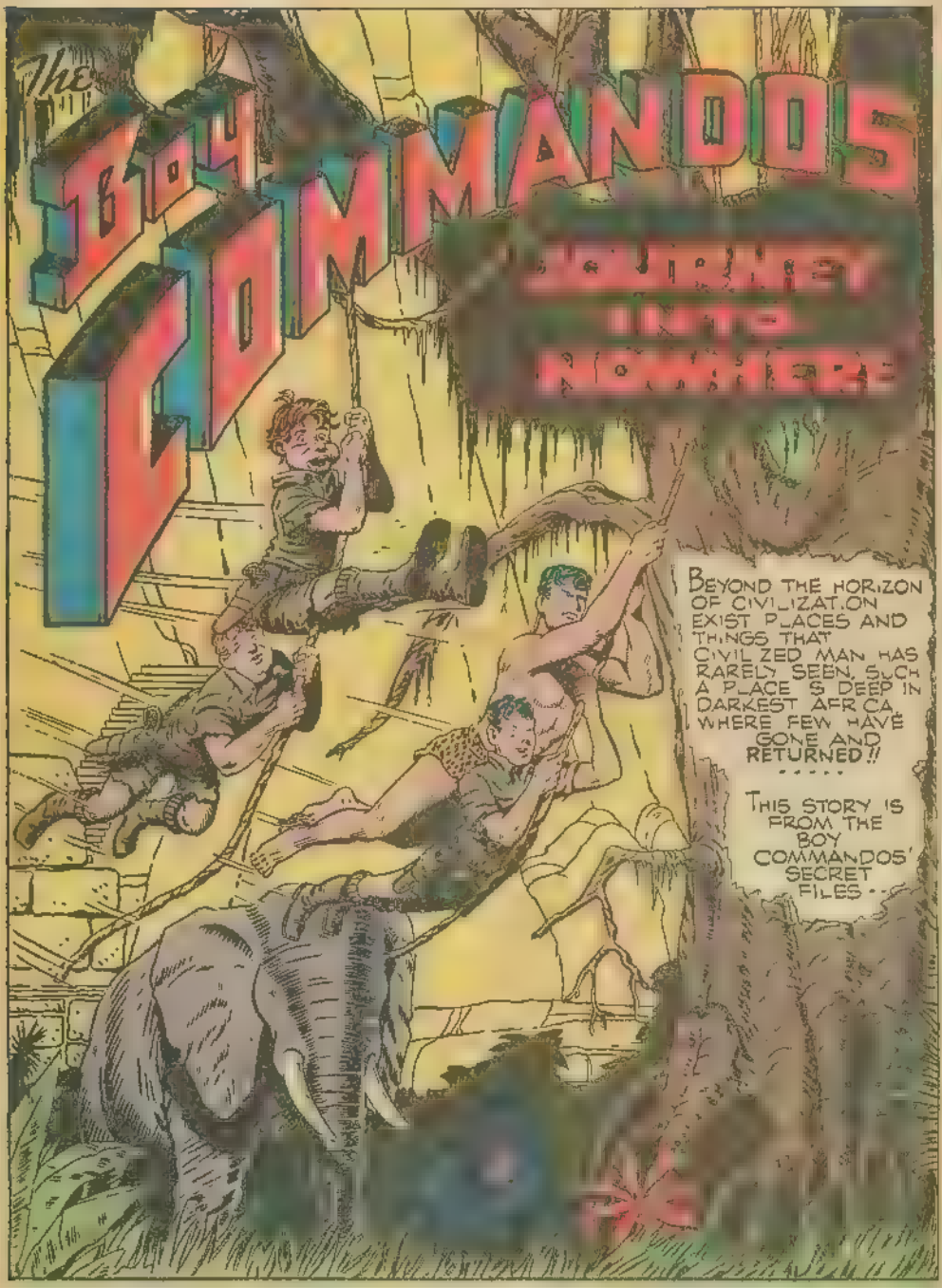
"Holley's idea might have worked, I believe, had I not plainly told him that I suspected him of murder. Once the compound had been 'burned off', there was no sign of it left on the bulbs. However, under the compound, Holley's fingerprints had remained intact, and were still there when we examined them. His prints were on every one of the bulbs.

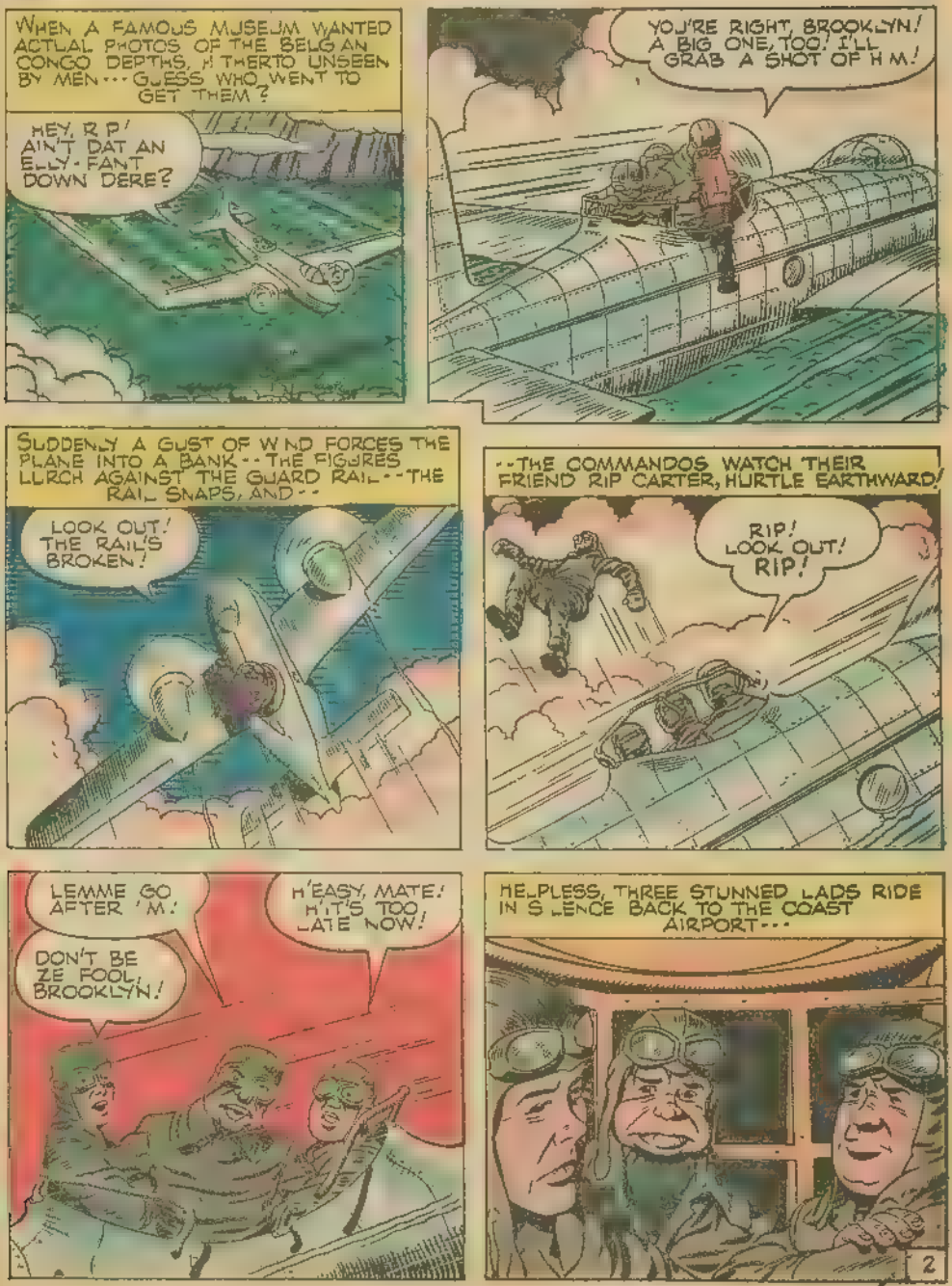
"Had he changed the bulbs back again, we might have discovered his method but had no evidence other than our knowledge. But when I told him of my suspicions of him, Holley resolved to do absolutely nothing to point anywhere. He knew the danger of someone noticing some slight, and apparently unimportant, clue.

"He didn't know the danger of remaining inactive while he was being investigated. As it was, my frankness froze him into inaction, and led to his apprehension.

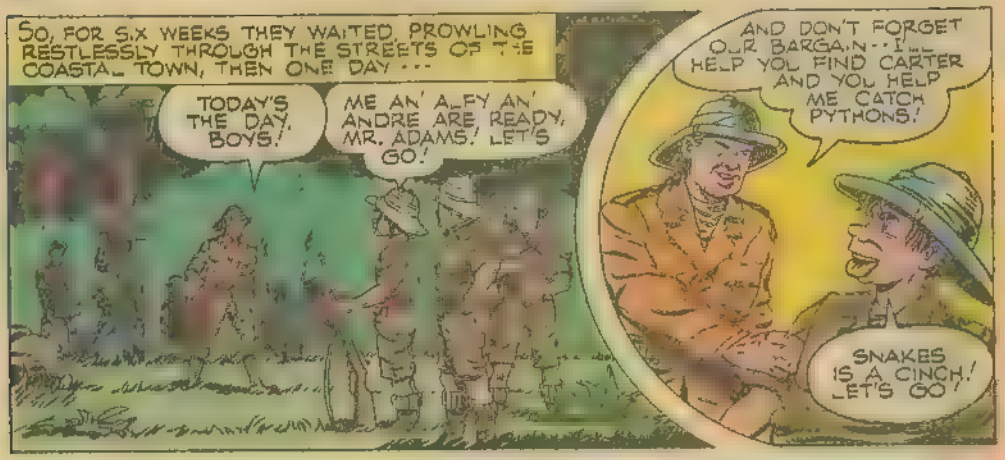
"This strikes me as a moral lesson of some kind. Since he used heat, but was lost by freezing, it would seem to bear out that hot and cold don't mix. . . ."

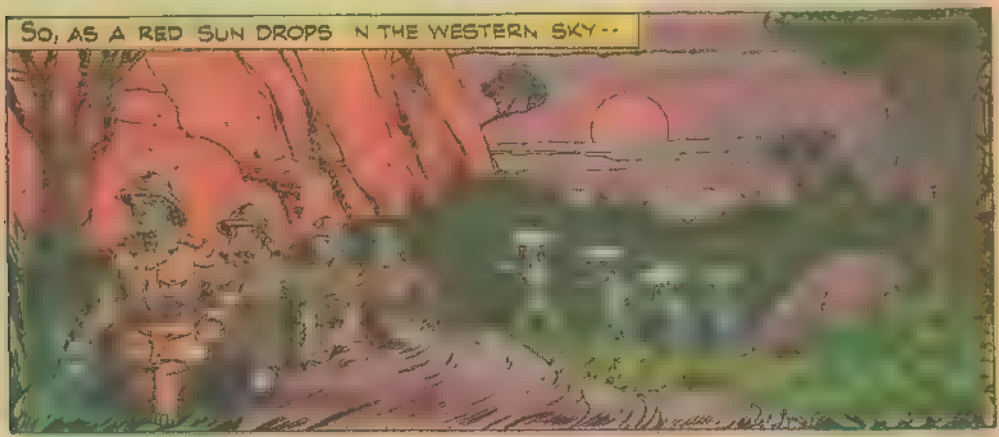

DAFFY DOODLE
IT'S A SWELL DAY TO DRIVE OVER TO UNCLE LOU'S!
YEH, IT'S GOOD FOR RIDIN' TOO!
YOU TURN FARTHER UP--I'LL TELL YOU WHEN!
O.K. DOODLE!
--HERE ?
NO NOT HERE!
--GO STRAIGHT, DOODLE?
NO 'U' TURN HERE
NO 'U' TURN
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
NO 'U' TURN
WHY DIDN'T YOU KEEP GOING STRAIGHT?
I ASKED YOU SHOULD I GO STRAIGHT AND YOU SAID, "NO, YOU TURN HERE!"
NO


The
BOY COMMANDOS
JOURNEY INTO NOWHERE
BEYOND THE HORIZON OF CIVILIZATION EXIST PLACES AND THINGS THAT CIVILIZED MAN HAS RARELY SEEN. SUCH A PLACE IS DEEP IN DARKEST AFRICA WHERE FEW HAVE GONE AND RETURNED!!
THIS STORY IS FROM THE BOY COMMANDOS' SECRET FILES

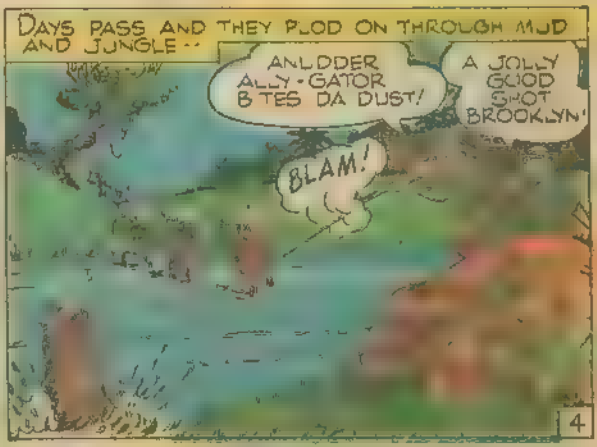

WHEN A FAMOUS MUSEUM WANTED ACTUAL PHOTOS OF THE BELGIAN CONGO DEPTHS, HITHERTO UNSEEN BY MEN---GUESS WHO WENT TO GET THEM?
HEY, R P! AIN'T DAT AN ELLY-FANT DOWN DERE?
YOU'RE RIGHT, BROOKLYN! A BIG ONE, TOO! I'LL GRAB A SHOT OF HIM!
SUDDENLY A GUST OF WIND FORCES THE PLANE INTO A BANK--THE FIGURES LURCH AGAINST THE GUARD RAIL--THE RAIL SNAPS, AND--
LOOK OUT! THE RAIL'S BROKEN!
--THE COMMANDOS WATCH THEIR FRIEND RIP CARTER, HURTLE EARTHWARD!
RIP! LOOK OUT! RIP!
LEMME GO AFTER 'IM!
H'EASY, MATE! H'IT'S TOO LATE NOW!
DON'T BE ZE FOOL, BROOKLYN!
HELPLESS, THREE STUNNED LADS RIDE IN SILENCE BACK TO THE COAST AIRPORT---
2

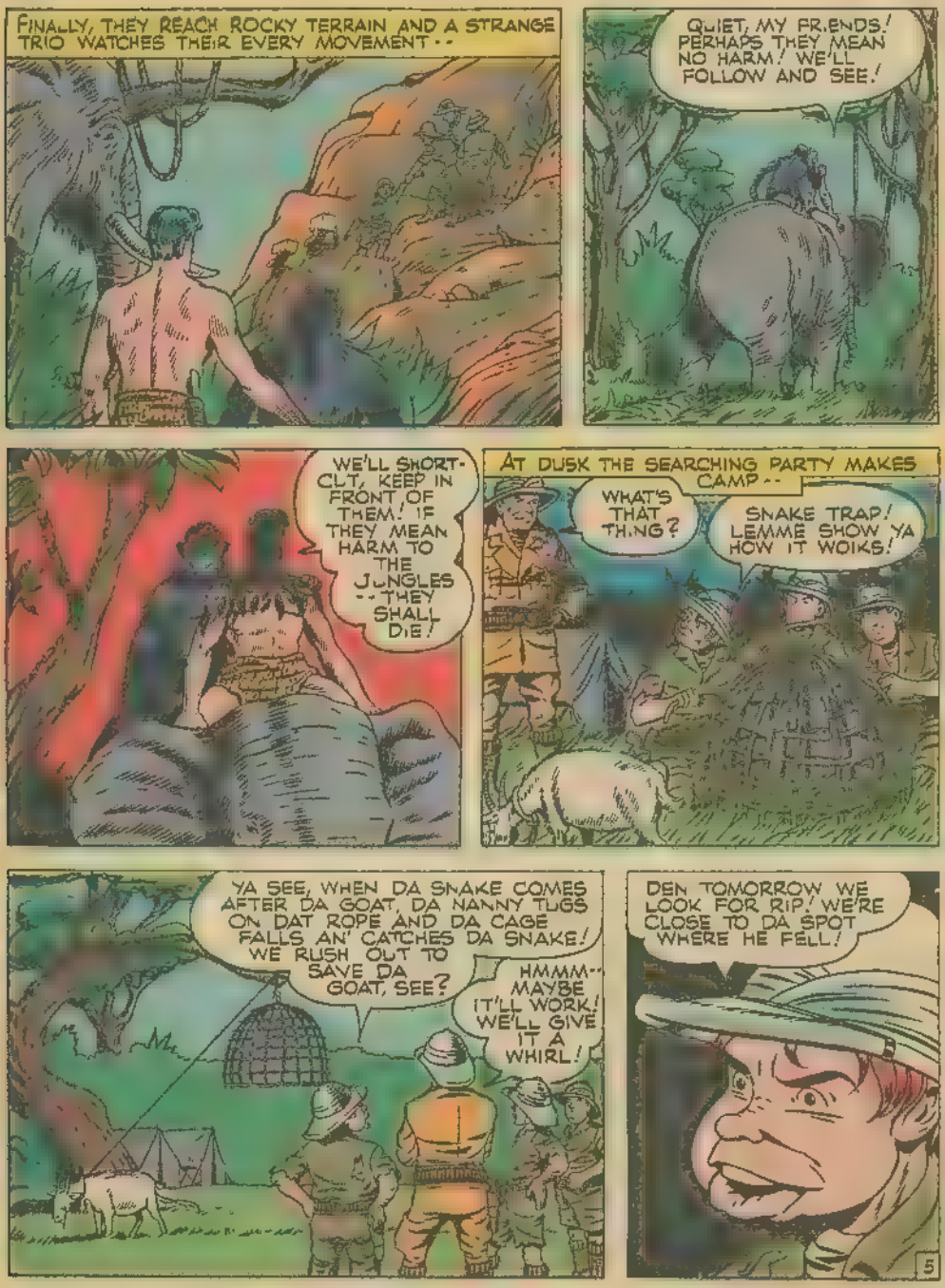

WHILE BELOW, CAUGHT IN THE MATTED TREE TOPS, LIES THE PRONE FIGURE OF RIP CARTER ···
TWO DAYS LATER ··
BUT R P MIGHT ST LL BE AL VE! HE LANDED ON DA TREES, DIDN'T HE?
WE WEELL SOON F ND OUT!
HI LL SAY!
YER FRANK ADAMS, DA BIG GAME HUNTER?
YES! BEEN EXPECT NG YOU BOYS·· COME N··
LATER ··
·· SO THIS IS WHERE CARTER FELL FROM THE PLANE! HMM·· IT'S A HARD TREK BY LAND IN GOOD WEATHER! RIGHT NOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
NUTH N'S IMPOSSIBLE!
IT'S THE RAINY SEASON, AND NOT EVEN THE NATIVES DARE ENTER THAT REGION NOW! I'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HELP YOU F ND CARTER, BUT ··
BUT, WHAT?
WE LL HAVE TO WAIT SIX WEEKS FOR THE DRY SPELL! F CARTER'S ALIVE NOW·· HE'S THE TYPE OF MAN WHO W LL MANAGE TO SURV VE FOR ANOTHER S X WEEKS!
S X WEEKS! DAT'S MOIDER.
3

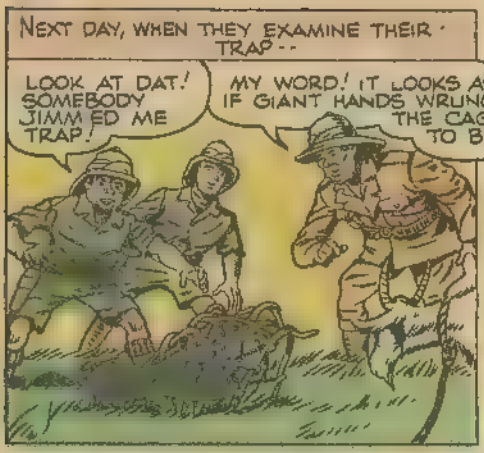

SO, FOR SIX WEEKS THEY WAITED, PROWLING RESTLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE COASTAL TOWN, THEN ONE DAY ...
TODAY'S THE DAY, BOYS!
ME AN' ALFY AN' ANDRE ARE READY, MR. ADAMS! LET'S GO!
AND DON'T FORGET OUR BARGAIN--I'LL HELP YOU FIND CARTER AND YOU HELP ME CATCH PYTHONS!
SNAKES IS A CINCH! LET'S GO!

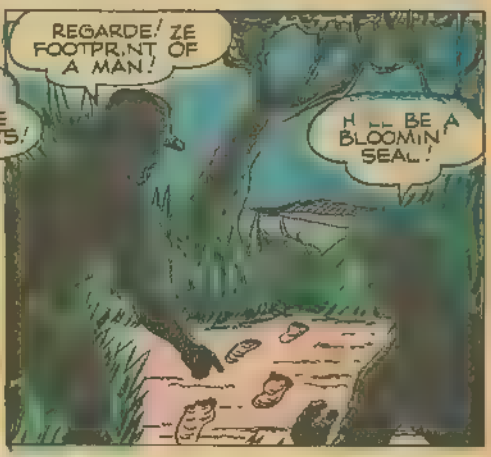

SO, AS A RED SUN DROPS IN THE WESTERN SKY--

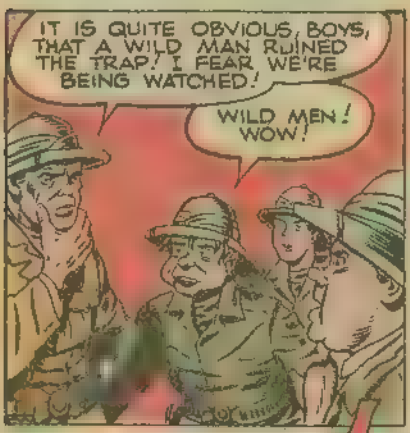

DIS IS LIKE TRYIN' TO CRASH DA GATES AT EBBETS FIELD-- ONLY WOISE!
ZIS JUNGLE! I WONDER EEF REEP CARTER IS STILL ALIVE?

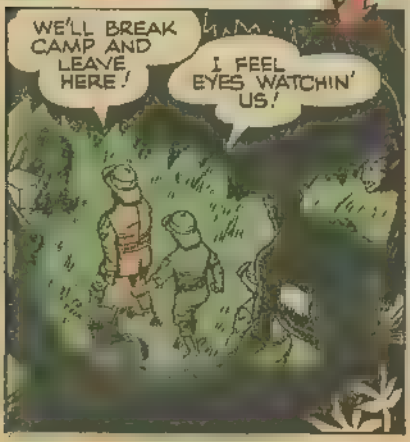

DAYS PASS AND THEY PLOD ON THROUGH MUD AND JUNGLE--
ANUDDER ALLY-GATOR BITES DA DUST!
A JOLLY GOOD SHOT BROOKLYN!
BLAM!


FINALLY, THEY REACH ROCKY TERRAIN AND A STRANGE TRIO WATCHES THEIR EVERY MOVEMENT--
QUIET, MY FRIENDS! PERHAPS THEY MEAN NO HARM! WE'LL FOLLOW AND SEE!
WE'LL SHORT-CUT, KEEP IN FRONT OF THEM! IF THEY MEAN HARM TO THE JUNGLES --THEY SHALL DIE!
AT DUSK THE SEARCHING PARTY MAKES CAMP--
WHAT'S THAT THING?
SNAKE TRAP! LEMME SHOW YA HOW IT WOIKS!
YA SEE, WHEN DA SNAKE COMES AFTER DA GOAT, DA NANNY TUGS ON DAT ROPE AND DA CAGE FALLS AN' CATCHES DA SNAKE! WE RUSH OUT TO SAVE DA GOAT, SEE?
HMMM-- MAYBE IT'LL WORK! WE'LL GIVE IT A WHIRL!
DEN TOMORROW WE LOOK FOR RIP! WE'RE CLOSE TO DA SPOT WHERE HE FELL!
5

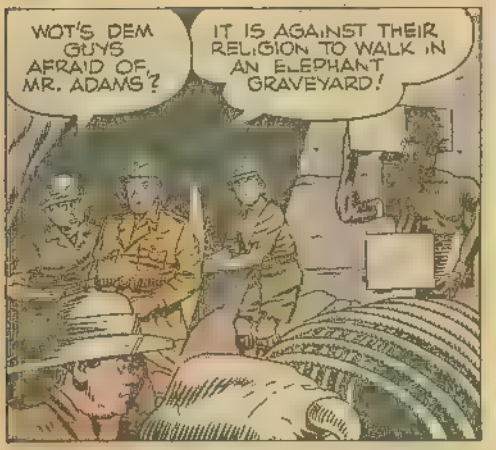

NEXT DAY, WHEN THEY EXAMINE THEIR TRAP--
LOOK AT DAT! SOMEBODY JIMM ED ME TRAP!
MY WORD! IT LOOKS AS IF GIANT HANDS WRUNG THE CAGE TO BITS!

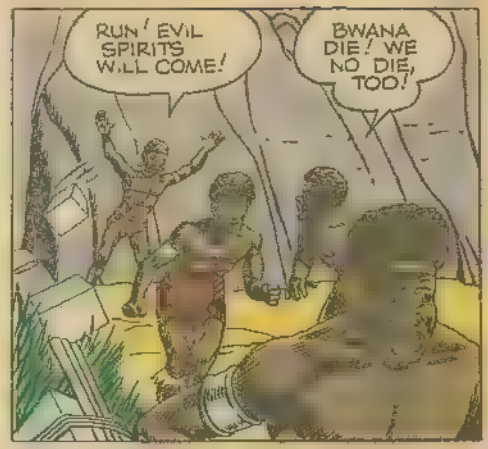

REGARDE! ZE FOOTPR.NT OF A MAN!
H LL BE A BLOOMIN SEAL!

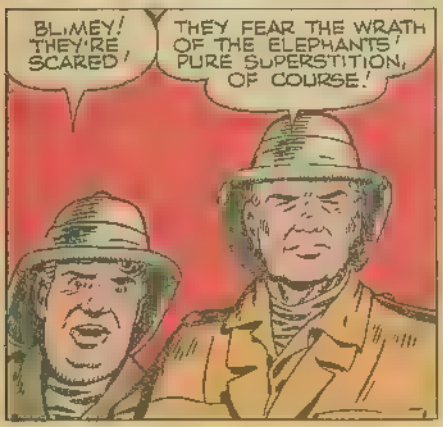

IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS, BOYS, THAT A WILD MAN RUINED THE TRAP! I FEAR WE'RE BEING WATCHED!
WILD MEN! WOW!

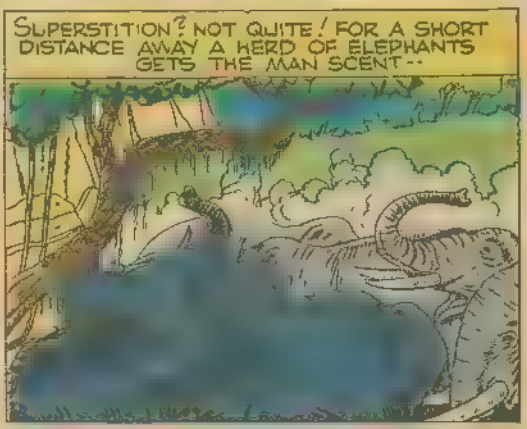

WE'LL BREAK CAMP AND LEAVE HERE!
I FEEL EYES WATCHIN' US!

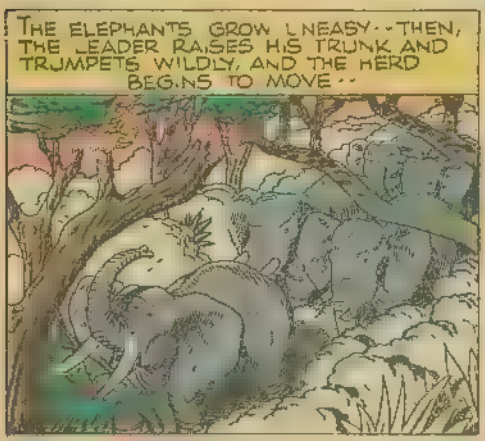

AFTER AN HOUR'S MARCH, THEY BEHOLD A SIGHT RARELY SEEN BY MAN!
BWANA! BWANA!-- LOOK! SEE!
BY THUNDER! AN ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD!
6

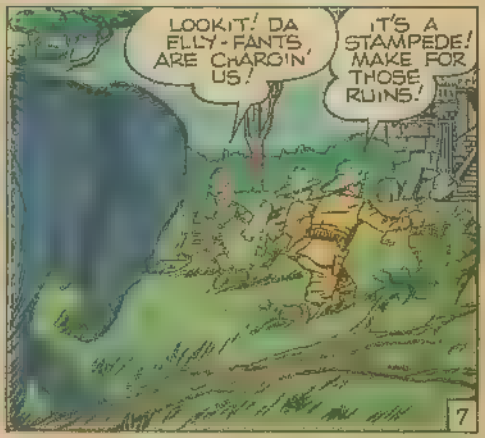

WOT'S DEM GUYS AFRAID OF, MR. ADAMS?
IT IS AGAINST THEIR RELIGION TO WALK IN AN ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD!

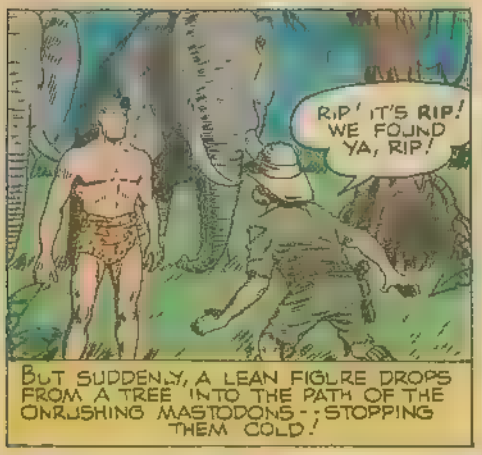

RUN! EVIL SPIRITS WILL COME!
BWANA DIE! WE NO DIE, TOO!

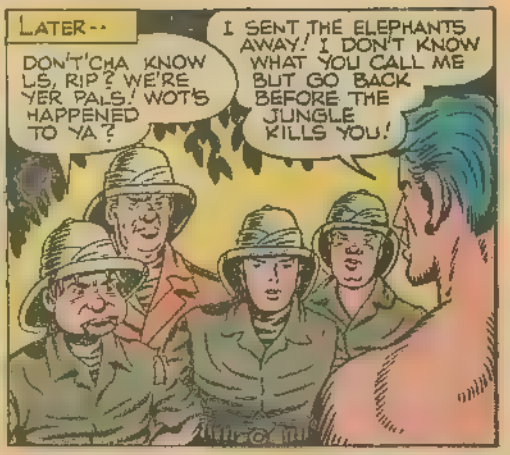

BLIMEY! THEY'RE SCARED!
THEY FEAR THE WRATH OF THE ELEPHANTS! PURE SUPERSTITION, OF COURSE!

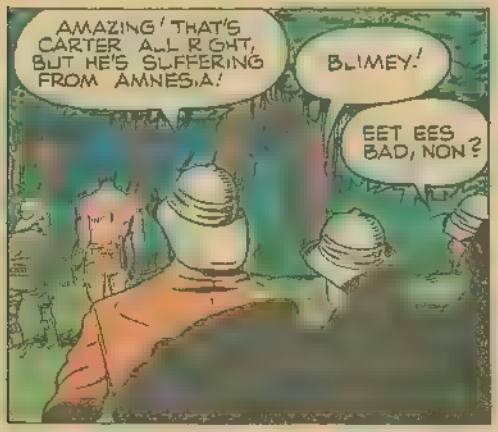

SUPERSTITION? NOT QUITE! FOR A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY A HERD OF ELEPHANTS GETS THE MAN SCENT--

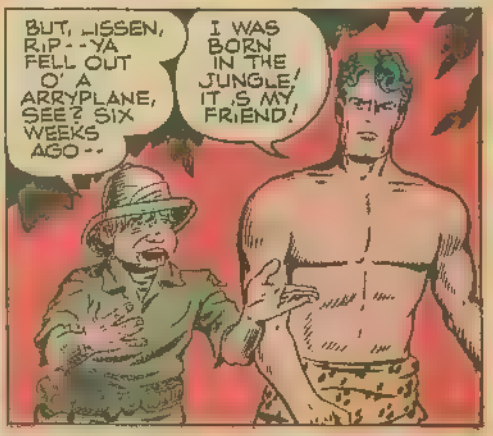

THE ELEPHANTS GROW UNEASY--THEN, THE LEADER RAISES HIS TRUNK AND TRUMPETS WILDLY, AND THE HERD BEGINS TO MOVE--

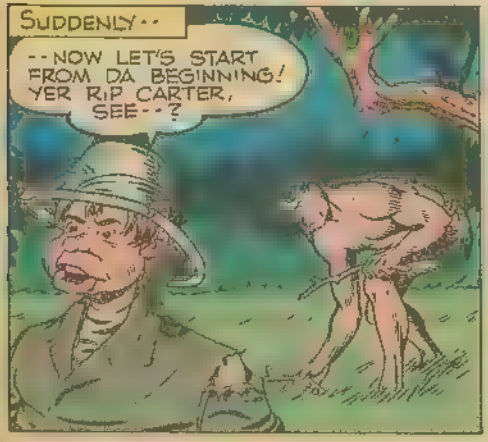

LOOKIT! DA ELLY-FANTS ARE CHARGIN' US!
IT'S A STAMPEDE! MAKE FOR THOSE RUINS!


RIP! IT'S RIP! WE FOUND YA, RIP!
BUT SUDDENLY, A LEAN FIGURE DROPS FROM A TREE INTO THE PATH OF THE ONRUSHING MASTODONS--; STOPPING THEM COLD!

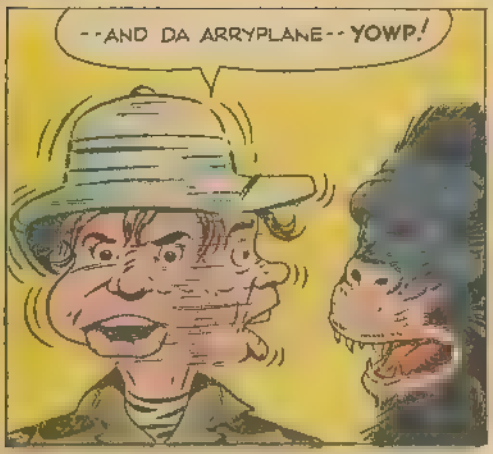

LATER--
DON'T'CHA KNOW US, RIP? WE'RE YER PALS! WOT'S HAPPENED TO YA?
I SENT THE ELEPHANTS AWAY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CALL ME BUT GO BACK BEFORE THE JUNGLE KILLS YOU!

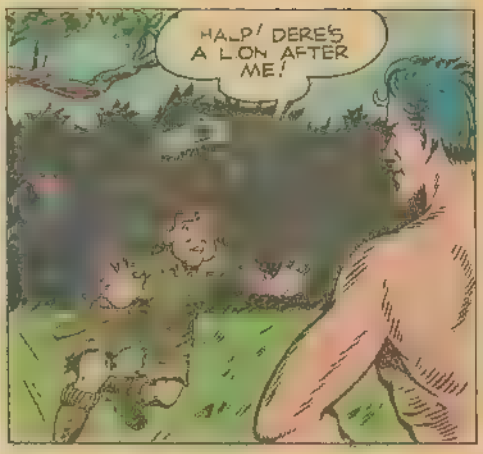

AMAZING! THAT'S CARTER ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'S SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA!
BLIMEY!
EET EES BAD, NON?

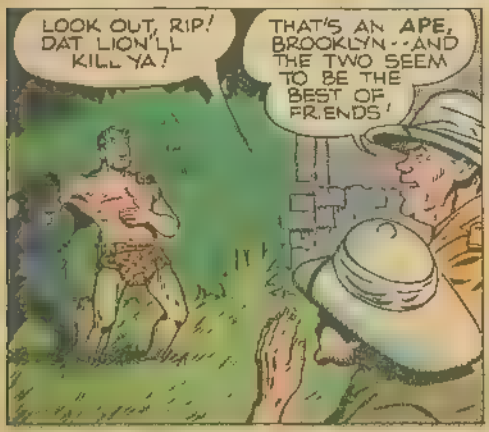

BUT, LISSEN, RIP--YA FELL OUT O' A ARRYPLANE, SEE? SIX WEEKS AGO--
I WAS BORN IN THE JUNGLE, IT'S MY FRIEND!

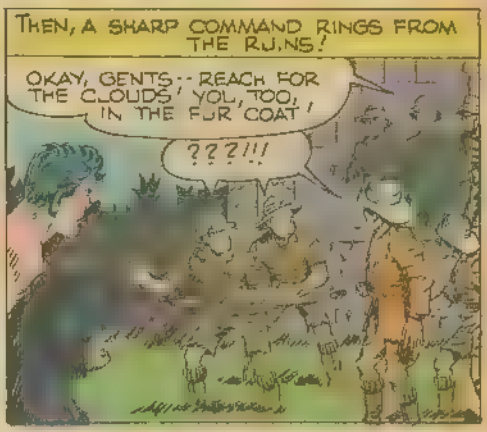

SUDDENLY--
--NOW LET'S START FROM DA BEGINNING! YER RIP CARTER, SEE--?

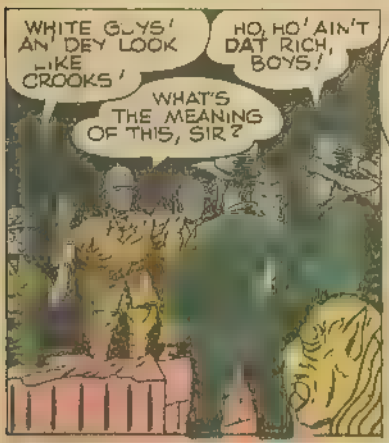

--AN' I'M BROOKLYN! WE WUZ TAKIN' PITCHERS FOR DA MUSEUM, SEE?--


--AND DA ARRYPLANE--YOWP!


HALP! DERE'S A LION AFTER ME!

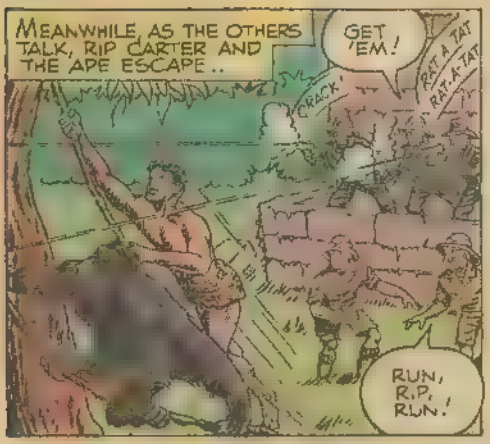

LOOK OUT, RIP! DAT LION'LL KILL YA!
THAT'S AN APE, BROOKLYN--AND THE TWO SEEM TO BE THE BEST OF FRIENDS!


THEN, A SHARP COMMAND RINGS FROM THE RUINS!
OKAY, GENTS--REACH FOR THE CLOUDS! YOU, TOO, IN THE FUR COAT!
???!!!


WHITE GUYS! AN' DEY LOOK LIKE CROOKS!
HO, HO! AIN'T DAT RICH, BOYS!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, SIR?

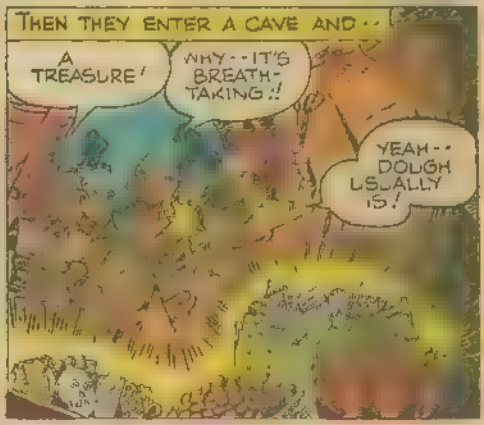

I'LL INTERDUCE MESELF! I'M KNOWN IN DA BEST CIRCLES AS LOUIE DA LIFT! WE TRALED YOU GUYS FROM DA COAST--AND WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR!

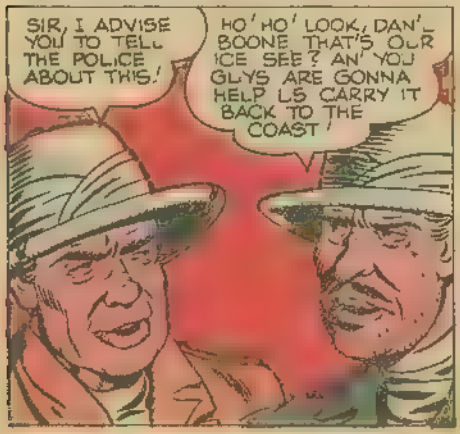

GUESS YOU DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS TREASURE IN THESE RUINS!
TREASURE!!

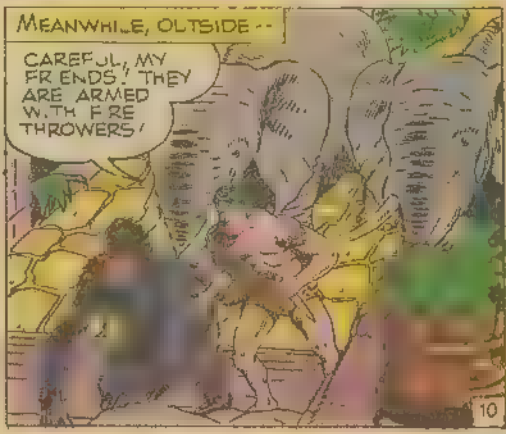

MEANWHILE, AS THE OTHERS TALK, RIP CARTER AND THE APE ESCAPE..
GET 'EM!
CRACK!
RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT
RUN, R.P. RUN!

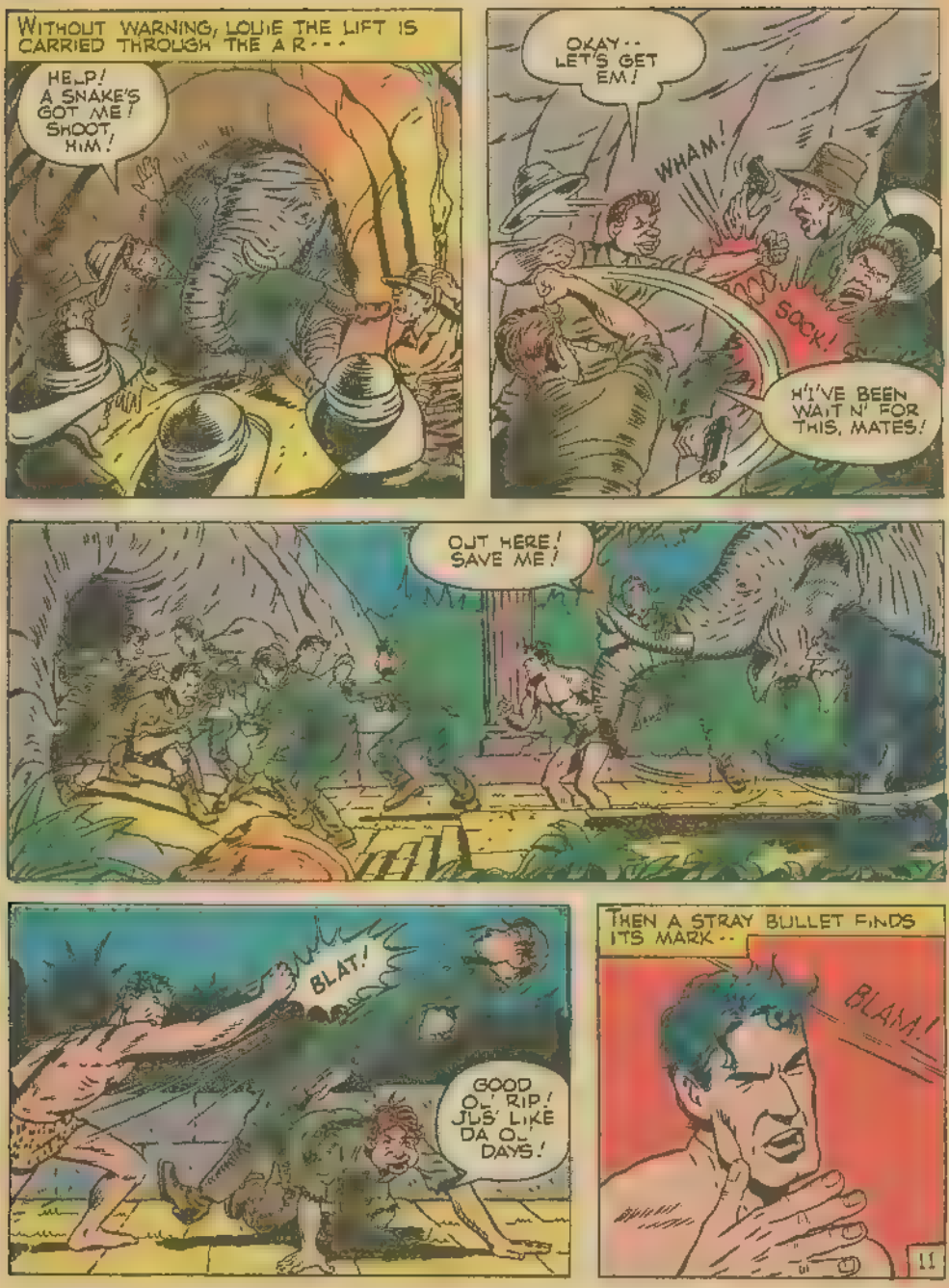

LET HIM GO! BUT KEEP THESE OTHER GUYS COVERED!


KEEP WALKIN'! WE CAN STILL USE YOU GUYS.. FOR AWHILE!


THEN THEY ENTER A CAVE AND..
A TREASURE!
WHY..IT'S BREATH-TAKING!!
YEAH.. DOUGH LSLALLY IS!


SIR, I ADVISE YOU TO TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THIS!
HO' HO' LOOK, DAN'L BOONE THAT'S OUR ICE SEE? AN' YOU GUYS ARE GONNA HELP US CARRY IT BACK TO THE COAST!


MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE..
CAREFUL, MY FRENDS! THEY ARE ARMED W.TH FIRE THROWERS!


WITHOUT WARNING, LOUIE THE LIFT IS CARRIED THROUGH THE A R - - -
HELP! A SNAKE'S GOT ME! SHOOT HIM!
OKAY-- LET'S GET EM!
WHAM!
SOCK!
H'I'VE BEEN WAI'T N' FOR THIS, MATES!
OUT HERE! SAVE ME!
BLAT!
GOOD OL' RIP! JUS' LIKE DA OL' DAYS!
THEN A STRAY BULLET FINDS ITS MARK--
BLAM!
11


A WHILE LATER--
HE AIN'T HOIT, IS HE?
HE WAS KNOCKED OUT--BUT HE'S COMING TO NOW!


WHERE AM I? THE PLANE--AND THE BOYS TAKING PICTURES--
HE KNOWS! IT'S RIP BACK HOME AGAIN!


--AND THEN THE STORY IS UNFOLDED--
--SO I REMEMBER FALLING, AND THAT'S ALL! THEN--


--THIS SECOND KNOCKOUT BROUGHT ME OUT OF IT!
AN' TANKS TO YOUSE, WE GOT DA CROOKS, RIP!
THIS IS SO EXCITING--I FORGOT ABOUT MY RARE PYTHONS!


THEN THE LONG TRIP TO THE COAST AGAIN AND, FINALLY, THE JUNGLE'S EDGE--
WAIT HERE A MOMENT! I WANT TO SAY GOODBYE TO MY FRIENDS!


I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT WE DID WHEN I WAS OUT OF MY HEAD, BUT IT MUST'VE BEEN FUN! I'LL SAY GOOD-BYE NOW--BUT THE BOYS AND I WILL BE BACK SOME DAY! WATCH FOR US!
The End

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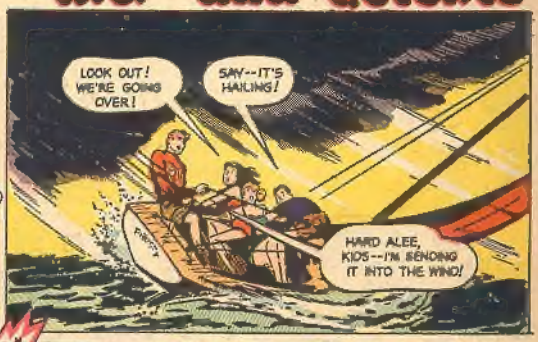
ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

FOUR AGAINST THE SEA



A HUGE WAVE WASHES OVER THE BOAT, CARRYING ONE OF THE GIRLS WITH IT!

QUICKLY R.C. SHIFTS THE RUDDER TO WINDWARD AND SENDS THE BOAT--WITH NO SAILS UP--TEARING AFTER CONNIE. AS HE APPROACHES HER, HE WHIPS THE BOAT INTO THE WIND STOPPING WITHIN INCHES OF THE FRIGHTENED GIRL.